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LAND OF HIGH HORIZONS

by

ELIZABETH
SKAGGS
BOWMAN

1938

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To

COLONEL DAVID C. CHAPMAN

whose vision, leadership, and many sacrifices
contributed inestimably toward making
The Great Smoky Mountains National Park
a reality for all to enjoy

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Foreword

AMERICANS, somewhat of a gypsy race since covered-wagon days, are turning more and more to life on wheels and dreams of adventuring.

Do you wonder why?

Perhaps it is because more leisure, superlative roads, improved family cars, and deluxe trailers have made touring such a pleasant undertaking. Be that as it may, the highways of the United States today are filled as never before with motor tourists.

Fifteen millions of them visited our national park areas during the travel year ending September 30, 1937. And a veritable stream of such motorists followed the network of beckoning roads leading to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, which lies along the border line between Tennessee and North Carolina in the highest, ruggedest part of the Appalachians.

Although the youngest of our national parks, it ranked second among twenty-six such areas in number of visitors, the report of the National Park Service shows. Tourists from every state in the Union, and many foreign countries, a total of 727,000 persons, made the Smokies their vacation goal.

The reasons are numerous:

A few of them include the area's delightful year-round vacation climate, its magnificent mountain

scenery, its profuse display of nature's treasures, and, of primary importance, its easy accessibility to more than two-thirds of the people of the United States. For these mountains can be reached in a one or two days' journey from all of the largest cities east of the Mississippi.

The name itself, The Great Smoky Mountains, suggests interesting and fascinating vistas.

If you ever expose yourself to their loadstone magic, you will return again and again with never-waning interest to these air-cooled, sun-conditioned mountains where the essentials of living are reduced to their simplest and nicest proportions—bracing air, wood fires, warm blankets, simple foods, pure water, friendly people, and inspiring vistas of unbelievable beauty. Once you gear yourself to it, there is nothing quite so soul filling. Nothing!

I know. For I have spent more than fifteen summers in the heart of the Smokies at my summer home, "Twin Trees," near Elkmont, Tennessee; and I have visited them innumerable times during all other seasons of the year. I bumped around in the second automobile driven through "Fightin' Creek Gap" from Gatlinburg to Elkmont, when a road-side boulder nearly ended my mountain trekking. I was among the lovers of mountain scenery who rode up Little River Gorge in a dinky caboose attached to a logging train—the first railroad into the western part of the Smokies, but now abandoned.

In the following pages I have related as briefly as possible arresting items concerning the people, the history, geology, geography, legends, traditions, and wild life of

the Smokies. I have told also of their recreational possibilities. And I have given some general information about the magnificent, high-lying range "clept," "The Great Smoky Mountains," probably as early as 1781 by its Anglo-Saxon settlers.

However, bare historical facts and figures about the Smoky Mountains reveal little of the spirit, beauty, mystery, and glory of heights that so move all who behold them.

Therefore my aim has been to present the Smokies as a whole with their alluring charm rather than in full detail. I hope that, after years of sitting at their feet through changing aspects, I can help the casual visitor, and also the armchair tourist, see the hidden beauty and feel the fascination of the mysterious, bold, changeable, friendly, but not too friendly, highland personality that the mountaineers have dubbed "Big Smoky"; who, true to his mountain character, reveals himself completely only to his intimate friends.

Some readers may say that I have omitted many things which are found in the ordinary guide-book. But I have not intended this as such, and shall not mind this criticism, if something of the illusive charm of these mountains is found here. For I have tried to be true to the spirit of the Smokies even though I have often had to be incomplete in material details.

I wish to express here my appreciation to those who have helped me in my undertaking. I am especially indebted to Carlos C. Campbell, director of publicity of the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association, and an outstanding authority on nearly all phases of the Smokies. He not only gave me much valuable

information concerning the history and other aspects of the Park, but he also read and criticized my manuscript, and made most of the photographs which I have used.

I am grateful to George D. Barnes, the South's leading collector of Cherokee relics, for material pertaining to the Cherokee Indians. My friends among the mountain people who have supplied me with information are too numerous to mention individually, but I owe them much. Dr. H. M. Jennison, of the National Park Service, and the Botany Department of the University of Tennessee, has frequently helped me with data about the trees, shrubs, and flowers in the park area. Several other members of the faculty of the University of Tennessee, and of the National Park Service have given their cheerful assistance from time to time, and I desire to thank them also.

E. B.

CHAPTER I

The Call of the Smokies

ENVELOPED in a shimmering haze of varying blue the Great Smoky Mountains stand, seemingly illusive though dominantly high and solid, along the state line between Tennessee and North Carolina.

The principal manifestation of the Appalachians, unsurpassed for wild beauty, grandeur, continuous high peaks, vast mountain masses, virgin forests, luxuriant plant life, and almost untouched by civilization, these highlands are to remain forever unspoiled as a vast sylvan museum—The Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

The park, after remaining for twelve years in the proposed stage, is at last practically completed, and includes a little more than 427,000 acres of Smoky Mountains territory, lying almost equally in Tennessee and North Carolina.

The main range, "Big Smoky," is a kind of colossus astride the divide, with its feet in the valleys of these two states and its numerous gigantic heads in the clouds between them. Meandering through the park for a distance of 71 miles, this unbroken range may be traversed from end to end on foot, or on horseback, over alluring trails. Over-the-Smokies Highway crosses it at Newfound Gap, and one scenic road follows along the crest for 7.6 miles, almost to the top of the second

highest peak in the East, Clingmans Dome (6,642).

In thirty-three consecutive miles (from 12.5 miles west of Newfound Gap to 20.8 miles east of it) the crest never falls below 5,000 feet, and several peaks are 6,000 feet, and above (Clingmans, Guyot, Buckley, Chapman, Love, Kephart, and more than half a dozen others). The mean average elevation of this stretch is probably between 5,500 and 6,000 feet.

From any observation point on this main range, or on any other considerable elevation in the park, an unending host of mountains can be seen rising, apparently higher and yet higher like the successive waves of a stilled sea, until they merge finally with the opaline tints of the far-distant sky. Massive, rounded, and peaked ridges crammed against each other, seemingly helter-skelter—epic in extent, epic in grandeur, epic in atmosphere. High horizons where personal exaltations and defeats dwindle to their proper proportions, dwarfed by the everlasting majesty and perfect serenity of these age-old mountains.

Is it worth your while to visit this unusual and picturesque region?

That depends entirely on what you want to see.

Decidedly—yes! if it is sunset and moonrise on towering summits half hidden in an alluring haze of moving mists; if it is the pageant of crystal dawn stealing elusive and breathless over mountain crests; if it is rugged peaks stenciled against the blue of the sky; if it is nature in her most generous and lavish mood; if it is a land where the manners and customs of a by-gone generation still linger; or if the health of your soul demands high horizons.

In the presence of the lasting beauty and serene grandeur of the Smokies egotism will vanish, higher thoughts and better emotions will fill your soul, and jaded nerves will find comfort out of sight and sound of cities and their botherations.

You will find the messages of the cloud-girdled peaks innumerable and all different—the sweetness or pain of what they say depending on you. For, like all nature, they speak to you in the color of your spirit. But this you can depend on—these age-old mountains, in their mystic veil of powder blue, will call to something in the deepest depths of your being as you fall under the spell of their active enchantment.

It was in appreciation of their heroic harmony and enduring charm as well as for their more tangible aspects that the Great Smoky Mountains were placed in Uncle Sam's national gallery of scenic masterpieces.

Wordsworth said: "Nature never wears a mean appearance"; nor do the Smokies in Nature's drama of wild life in which they play the leading roles.

The chief point of dissension among Smoky Mountains lovers—as to when and where the Smokies are most beautiful—has been definitely settled by all conceding that "their beauty is not confined to any particular section, or to any special season."

For each scene at any time has its own distinctive loveliness, reflecting in its appeal the variations of the moment—lights and shadows, sun and rain, summer and winter, spring and fall, with birds, animals, and plants in changing patterns of dress and behavior. The same view presents every month, every day, every hour—every moment even—of each season a new picture

which will never be seen exactly the same again, and gives to each beholder a memory of beauty that is his alone. Completely so, because it is modified by his susceptibility and mood of the moment.

Perhaps this is why a season considered unlikely by one person can be a perfect best to another. And is why the question "When shall I visit the Smokies?" receives a personal answer that is not very much help. It is better, it seems to me, to say:

"Go to the Great Smoky Mountains when you are eager to experience the zest of outdoor living; when you are sick of cities and towns, houses and people, noise and confusion, decisions and struggles; when, incapable of ordered thought, you feel the need of the open sky and the lasting hills against the blue; when your inmost soul longs to be companioned by the wood-ghosts of leafy solitudes fragrant with the quickening smell of forest loam; or when your ears hunger for the soft-voiced murmuring of the pines, and the babbling cadences of woodland streams."

For it is then you will hear the beating of Old Smoky's mighty heart—in the soft sighing of the breezes, in a cricket's chirp and a branch's creaking, or in the roaring of a waterfall. You will see the throb of his pulse in the glaring visage of a summer day, or the cold moon-glow of a winter night; in autumn's gypsy colors flaunting on the hills, or the unfolding buds of early spring—the season matters not.

Perhaps it will be vibrant, urgent spring when you ache for far still places to cheer your soul. If so, ride into the Smokies where mountains hang dark blue and faintly lilac against the sky, with clouds of unspeakable

softness dividing and subdividing on their far-flung summits; and let the warmth and light of late April, or early May, dispel your memories of life's and winter's storms with weather of an automatic blue and gold.

You will find the aura of spring on every side, and your spirits will be lifted—by the touch of swelling soft winds, and the trilling notes of thrush and robin; by the white stare of wide-eyed dogwood on the heights, and the timid nod of trembling redbud clinging to a high cliff's edge, and the frail green of unfurling leaves on winter-rusted branches. Spring will speak to you in a cheery droning of burly bees, and the chip-churring of a scarlet tanager flitting like a dart of flame among the white flowers of a silverbell tree.

There is no doubt that Spring becomes a flirt and perhaps even a wanton in the Smokies—she invites pursuit and has little use for laggards. If you would experience more of her reviving magic, abandon your car, and afoot and light-hearted take a wood-environed trail, gay with a profusion of spring's flowering harbingers—elfin-faced arbutus, wood anemones, dainty hepaticas, velvet-clad violets—and follow it to where the smell of moist earth mingles with the scent of decaying leaves in a deepening glade. Here you will find Spring's hidden gardens of matchless trillium—untouched by human hands but planted and tended by the Master-Gardener. In the presence of these wraiths of loveliness, Earth's resurgence will come close to your heart, and Spring will take on a new significance in the ebb and flow of seasons.

If it should be June when you decide to hurdle your work-a-day horizon and go into the Smokies to explore

their blue-veiled mountain crests, you will find all the unfolding-bud and uncurling-leaf promises of early spring most richly fulfilled in the profuse beauty of growth-crowded June.

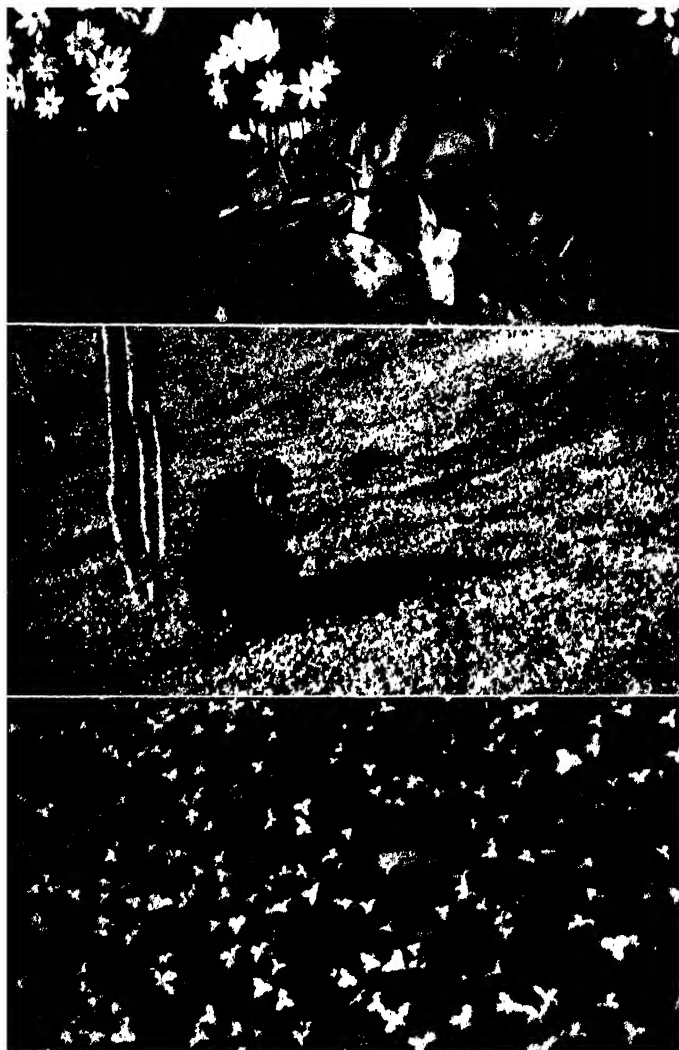
Wonderful as they were, you will not miss the earlier flowering dogwood and redbud in the riot of bloom offered by the gorgeous azaleas flaunting their variations of orange and red in massed profusion on the higher balds and cliffs, in sun or shade. But the crowning pageantry of June is its endless procession, and ravishing maze, of blossoming rhododendron, with its color-tones of different varieties varying from shell-pink to radiant purple.

It is June when the chorus of robin, thrush, cardinal, and other early species is swelled by the sprightly notes of indigo buntings, and the lusty singing of a complete ensemble of warblers and vireos. The light balmy air is filled with a subtle fragrance; drugged butterflies rise unsteadily from the throats of ravished flowers; perhaps a snake wriggling in the lace-fronded ferns is the flaw that heightens the perfection and adds to it all a heart-shaking thrill. The Smokies in June—a symphony of caroling birds, radiant flowers, lambent dawns, amethystine sunsets, and opalescent mountains, where the intermingling fragrance of flowers and wet earth envelops like an enchantment.

Should it be summer when Fate plays the card of restlessness, and you trump it by spending your vacation in the Smokies—you win. For it is then they have everything to satisfy vague yearnings—long lazy days beneath turquoise skies; cool, forest-perfumed breezes; refreshing showers; birds in full orchestration; furtive



Hoar frost (frozen fog) often covers trees on the summits of the Great Smokies at the same time that dogwood and other early shrubs and flowers are blooming on the lower slopes and in the valleys.



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Almost fifteen hundred species of wildflowers are found in the Smokies, blooming in special profusion in spring. *Top:* Hepatica, one of the earliest to bloom. *Center:* Snow-like, fringed-petaled phacelia. *Bottom:* Trillium—seven varieties are found in the Park.

animals; a profusion of showy flowers in flagrant yellow, red and purple, instead of dainty spring pastels; and shady, leaf-roofed, vine-draped roads—"The time when the tide of leaf and blossom swells and mounts to its midsummer crest."

Even those much given to over-stuffed armchairs, in whom the call to the open has been comfort-stilled, will not be able to refrain from going (in their streamlined cars, of course) to the cloud-capped summit and high-lying primeval forests of the climax of the Smokies—Clingmans Dome. With its view of miles and miles of unhurried hills folded one against the other, like patient camels resting from their struggles to rear their heads above the world—age-old, unchanging mountains, as heart-lifting as the faces of tried and true friends.

July and August in the Smokies, besides presenting nature's most gorgeous pageant with accordant melodies for the aesthetic minded, provide the open season for outdoor sports, when those who are athletically inclined can best enjoy swimming, tennis, horseback riding, fishing, hiking, camping, and other outdoor sports.

If it should be fall when the too-familiar bores you, the Smokies have new beauties and different lures to offer—far from responsibilities and stern duty; where you can spend an interval of semi-vagabondage among mountains flaunting gypsy colors on all fronts.

Every atom of your being will sing in response to the vivid foliage, bright sunshine, golden moonlight, purple shadows, blue mountains, and crisp air which the Smokies combine to produce their great autumn harmony.

If your personal reactions are attuned to it, all the beauty, pathos, magic, and romance in the world is portrayed in the bright blue, gold, and crimson of an autumn day in the Smokies.

In winter when days seem humdrum, and evenings of slippered ease pall—making you frankly impatient—sweep away all practical obstacles; drive to where the Smokies, often snow-capped, stand guard over the valleys.

Follow the winding, Over-the-Smokies Highway (seldom hazardous even in winter) to their highest crest, and gaze blinkingly—so as not to stare—at miles and miles of sparkling trees waving icy banners of hoarfrost.

Look toward the wavy distant mountains seemingly sweeping higher and higher, though poised and still—a pictured sea against the indefinite horizon with its phantasmagoria of fleecy clouds.

Experience the exhilaration of stirring winds blowing off snowy peaks. Capture the breathless primitive charm, earth-throb, cruelty, the power over human lives, of these old, old mountains.

Thrill to the feeling of far-reaching space, incredible strength, height and depth and solitude of the dramatic, primeval beauty of the Smokies.

Even if you drive back to lowlands and cities that are sobbing in a mean, cold, smoke-laden drizzle, you will have an inner cosmic vision to make your heart forget the petty cares, four walls, and harrowed days of winter's monotone.

Whether you carry home with you a memory of spring with its dainty wildflowers and frail green leaves, or summer's profusion of flowering shrubs and moun-

tains rising steeply green and wooded; or autumn's plaid-splashed hills in high-pitched scarlet, yellow, brown, and purple; or hold the remembrance of far-off snowy peaks rising to the very brink of heaven, and melting before your eyes into the blue-gray of the distant sky, you will return from the top of the Smokies better lawyers, better doctors, better merchants, better mechanics, better teachers, better housewives, with a new understanding of what is essential and what is illusory in life.

Any time is the right time to see the Smokies, if your spirit needs the uplift and inspiration of the serene grandeur of their high horizons.

Why did scenery so astonishingly beautiful that it is a national asset remain for so long unrecognized?

CHAPTER II

A Forgotten Frontier

SURPRISE has often been expressed that mountains of such prodigious base altitudes as the Great Smokies, with such sensational massing and happy combining of other scenic features, should have failed for so long to capture the capricious footsteps of any great number of tourists.

Their geographic location does not explain it. We have said that they are not far-distant from our largest centers of population in the East. Yet, until a few years ago, they were less known to the outside world than the peaks of the Andes Mountains. Comparatively few people were aware, or, if they were, showed a curious absent-mindedness about it, that much of the grandest scenery east of the Rocky Mountains was to be found where the Appalachian System reaches its greatest elevation and width on the border line between Tennessee and North Carolina.

Indifference to them was most probably due to the fact that no good roads or railroads reached within fifty miles of the Smokies until near 1900, travel flowing round them through gaps in the mountains, and leaving them in isolated grandeur.

A little knowledge of the topography of the region as a whole will make this easier to understand.

It is well known that the great Appalachian Moun-

tain System extends from Gaspé in Canada some 2,000 miles southward into Alabama, where it reaches its greatest distance from the Atlantic Coast and gradually flattens out. It is usually separated into the Northern and Southern Appalachians in southern Virginia. Here, near the headwaters of the Roanoke River, the Appalachians begin to grow higher and to broaden. In North Carolina they become a complex zone of vast ranges and ridges. Along the southeastern margin of this region of mountains is the Blue Ridge proper, an imposing range that rises more than 5,000 feet in places.

Roughly parallel to the Blue Ridge and bordering the Great Tennessee Valley, rises another distinct range, higher and more massive, called the Unaka Mountains.

Extending out between the Unaka Mountains and the Blue Ridge are a series of transverse ranges having a general northwest direction. Some of these are the Nantahala, Cowee, Balsam, Pisgah, Black, Yellow, and Roan Mountains. These individual cross ridges, as well as the Unakas and the Blue Ridge, are noted for their height and grandeur. Mount Mitchell in the Black Mountains (6,684 feet) is the highest peak above sea level in the East.

The Unaka Range, unlike the Blue Ridge, is not continuous, but is divided into a number of segments by half a dozen rivers, each division having a local name.

The segment of the Unaka Chain which lies between the deep cuts of the Big Pigeon and the Little Tennessee Rivers is the one known as the Great Smoky Mountains. Often described as the wildest feature in the Southern Appalachians, this segment consists of a

central ridge known as "Big" or "Old" Smoky and many lesser ridges on either side roughly connected by mountain masses.

The main ridge forms the divide between North Carolina and Tennessee, and consists of a continuous series of high peaks. Twenty-four peaks and one gap rise more than 6,000 feet above sea level; a mile high elevation is reached by 28 other peaks and six gaps, while thirty-one more elevations reach 5,000 feet. The divide culminates in Clingmans Dome which is the second highest peak above sea level in the East, being only 42 feet lower than Mount Mitchell in the Black Mountains.

From the parkway at Clingmans one can look toward the high horizons of the Blue Ridge, a distance of fifty miles in places, and see an endless succession of intervening mountains and ridges. The forest cover enriches the picturesqueness of this vast panorama and the hazy atmosphere softens the details, increasing its appeal in a way hardly to be described. The illusive mist that hovers over all, sometimes faintly white and sometimes deeply blue, gave rise to the names "Smoky Mountains," "Blue Ridge," and "Unakas"—Unaka is of Cherokee origin and means "white."

From Clingmans Dome the summits are progressively lower in all directions. They rest upon a comparatively low base, which accounts for much of the grandeur of the peaks. For it is a mountain's height above its base that makes it conspicuously high. Although all of the peaks in the Smokies are notable in this respect, Mount LeConte is the highest point in the East so considered. It is an outlier from Old Smoky, and rises a mile and

twenty-one feet above its base. When one stands on the summit of LeConte the view extends downward for more than a mile. On the other hand, although Mount Mitchell is higher above sea level than LeConte, from the top of Mount Mitchell the view extends downward only 3,000 feet to the high table-land from which it rises. Therefore LeConte seems almost twice as tall as the highest peak in the Appalachians, and for this reason is the outstanding individual mountain in the Appalachian System.

In addition to their high base levels the Smokies are noted for their deep, narrow valleys, rounded summits, and their occasional sheer cliffs. Some of the ridges, especially on the Tennessee side, end in knife-like edges—the Sawteeth and the Chimney Tops being examples of such precipitously modeled elevations. It is a struggle worth attempting, for those athletically inclined, to climb up steep, rugged paths to such narrow spurs.

It is not only the massive and unusual contours of the mountains that make the Smokies so amazingly marvelous; but also their great forests of virgin hardwood and conifer trees—200,000 acres of trees of 146 varieties; their approximately 1,500 species of radiant wildflowers; their lovely shrubs with bright flowers and fruits; and their balmy and equitable climate. It seems almost unbelievable that such a region could have gone practically unnoticed until near the beginning of this century. One wonders why.

The answer begins with a remote background:

For several generations after Jamestown was settled the Southern Appalachians were covered with magnificent virgin forests. One cannot understand this mag-

nificance without having been in the virgin forests of the Smokies, where primeval trees stand more than a hundred feet tall and from three to nine feet in diameter.

In pioneer days we know that the most elemental backwoodsmen lived in, or near, the edge of the forests, and as the land was cleared continued to move back into the wilderness, because the restrictions of civilization did not appeal to them. Almost as primitive as the Indians, they adopted many of their ways, even to the messy one of scalping their enemies.

Although these backwoodsmen retreated from the coast with the advance of civilization, it was several generations before they crossed the Blue Ridge and penetrated the high Smoky Mountains region.

White men saw the Smokies, however, less than forty years after the discovery of America. These first white explorers were Hernando De Soto and his followers. They came around 1540, according to the written record of one of them. The details of their route are rather hazy in spots, but it is believed that, after landing on the coast of Florida from Spain, they traveled northward until they reached the foothills of the Blue Ridge near the headwaters of the Catawba River in North Carolina. It is claimed that they then crossed the Blue Ridge and traveled through parts of the Smokies before going into Georgia by way of Rabun Gap. Gold, and not scenic wonders, being their object, they soon passed on westward to the Mississippi.

More than a century elapsed before the next recorded visit of white men. In 1673 James Needham and Gabriel Arthur, two white traders from a trading post

in Virginia, made a difficult journey to the Cherokee country in the Smokies—some details of their adventures will be told in a later chapter about the Cherokee.

Before long other traders followed the first two, and during the next century some of them began to live, at least a part of the year, with the Cherokee near the mountains.

Pioneers crossed the Unaka Chain in upper East Tennessee and settled there as early as 1769, but the Great Smokies remained a Cherokee stronghold for three decades longer.

While the Tennessee side of the high mountains was still a part of North Carolina, that state gave, or sold, grants of lands in the region. When Tennessee became a state in 1796 she began to issue grants, frequently for the same land that had already been disposed of by North Carolina. To further complicate the situation, the Federal Government recognized the Cherokee as the only rightful owners of land in the Smokies.

Confusion as to these grants has caused some uncertainty about the dates when certain sections of the Smokies were settled. However, the Indians being definitely hostile, and the United States Government denying the right of the states to issue warrants for land that belonged to the Cherokee, few settlers had the temerity to take up residence in the Smokies until after 1798 when, by the Treaty of Tellico, some of the virgin forests and fertile coves in the Smokies were acquired from the Indians by the state of Tennessee.

In the years immediately following, several settlers found homes in the mountains—some through warrants issued by North Carolina; some acquired their

rights from Tennessee; and others were squatters who came to hunt and decided to stay.

But many of the early warrant holders were afraid to bring their families to the region until after the Indians were removed by the Federal Government in 1838. They managed, however, to retain claim to their land by setting up crude hunting tents and living on their holdings part of the year.

"Steve" Owenby, one of the few natives still living on Little River in the vicinity of Elkmont, told me that his great-grandfather was one of the early-comers who stayed at first only a few months each year.

"My folks lived in North Carolina when they got a warrant fur several hundred acres of land here on Little River, fur sixteen dollars," Mr. Owenby told me. He was uncertain which state had issued it.

"My grandpap's told me a heap o' times how him an' his father an' brothers 'ud come here in the fall an' hunt an' fish. Hit seems like they done that a right smart spell afore they built a log cabin here an' brought the whole family. As I 'ezact' it," Steve said, "hit wuz nigh 1840 when they come to stay."

In pre-park days Steve was known as a fearless hunter. On one occasion when I stopped by their cabin to see "Evie" and the children, Steve had two big snapping, snarling bears in a pen. Having caught them on Blanket Mountain in traps, he had "brought 'em back alive"—a favorite pastime of this mountaineer a few years ago. But on this occasion the biggest bear had almost killed Steve before he had finally succeeded in getting him home. The bold hunter was covered with



Left: Some of the mountain people still use oxen for plowing. Center: Picturesque over-shot water wheels furnish power for many of the mountain gristmills. Right: Steve Owenby—descendant of early pioneers.

Photographs: Right, by author; others, Carlos C. Campbell



Photograph by E. C. Campbell

*Top: Mack McCarter, veteran basket maker, working at his roadside shop near Gatlinburg.
 Center: Family of Amos McCarter, descendants of some of the earliest pioneers in the Smokies.
 (See page 28.) Bottom: Ancient sleds may still be seen in the Smokies.*

scratches and bruises, while one leg had been cut to the bone, from knee to foot, by a sharp claw. The ugly scar which remains, Steve exhibits rather ruefully, thinking that it indicates he was pretty "addle pated" (foolish) in those days.

Before settlers began to penetrate the Great Smokies, scientists had discovered them, and had written with enthusiasm of their altitude, and of their variety and abundance of flowers and trees.

The first and most noted was a botanist, William Bartram, who journeyed to the Smokies in 1776. He described the mountains and his botanical findings in glowing terms in a book published in 1791, called *The Travels of William Bartram*. Other botanists and geologists followed Bartram and spread the fame of the high mountains—especially in scientific circles.

The interest aroused resulted in the first exhaustive study of the physical aspects of the Southern Appalachians. It was made by a professor of geology and physical geography at Princeton, Arnold Guyot, a native of Switzerland.

He climbed and measured every peak of note from one end of the Appalachians to the other. Handicapped as he was by the inaccessibility of the region and poor instruments, his measurements differ only slightly from those of more recent surveys. His explorations were made in the Southern Appalachians between 1856–1860; and his figures were the first to prove the superior altitude and massiveness of the Great Smoky Mountains.

The second highest peak (6,621 feet) in the Smokies

was named "Mount Guyot" by one of Guyot's co-workers, S. B. Buckley of Tennessee. Professor Guyot returned the compliment by naming one of the other high peaks "Mount Buckley." He and Buckley honored some of their mutual scientific friends in the same way.

Joseph LeConte, a native of Liberty County, Georgia, and a professor of geology and chemistry, who was a chemist for the Confederacy during the Civil War, was honored by having the peak in the Smokies that rises the highest above its valley named for him. The name Clingmans Dome memorializes one of the original Smoky Mountains enthusiasts, Thomas Lanier Clingman, a brigadier general in the Confederate army, who was also a mining expert, writer and explorer.

General Clingman and Professor Elisha Mitchell made extensive explorations and measurements in the Black, Balsam, and Smoky Mountains around 1844.

Three years afterward, Professor Mitchell went back alone into the wilds of the Black Mountains to make new measurements to verify his contention that it contained the highest peak in the Appalachians. His body was found ten days later perfectly preserved in an ice-cold pool of water at the foot of a waterfall. He had probably slipped and been dashed to his death. Professor Mitchell is buried on the mountain which bears his name in the highest grave in the East.

General Clingman personally measured the high mountain which we know as Clingmans Dome. Robert Collins, one of the first white settlers in the Oconaluftee Valley, cut a trail six miles long from the old Indian Gap Road to the top of the mountain to make it pos-

sible for Clingman to ride a horse to the top of the high peak which we reach today over the Skyway, highest road in Eastern America.

The lives of the settlers who had preceded these later scientists, while harsh and bare, were not lacking in lurid drama and hard-fibered romance. The tractless forests often swallowed up the father and meat-provider.

One story of such a misadventure is told of an early settler in the Gatlinburg region. His family needed salt and other things that could not be had in the wilderness. He left home in the early fall to hike across the mountains to North Carolina. Months passed, but he did not return. His wife and children expected him every day through the long winter.

In the spring a party of hunters found his body a few miles from his cabin, where he had died in the lonely mountains a victim of one of his own bear traps.

If the hardy mountaineers had not been self-reliant, calloused, and bold to a degree almost beyond conception, they could not have survived the privations, anxieties, and dangers.

For three generations there was plenty of game, turkeys, trees dripping with wild honey, and nuts in abundance. Deer meat furnished venison, fresh and dried. Mr. Owenby says that his grandfather often spoke of the great quantities of venison which they always kept in their smokehouse. If meat grew scarce, they turned loose a fine hunting dog, "Old Screamer," who could "round up a deer in a jiffy," according to "Steve."

The ancestors of the Owenbys, and the other pioneers

in the Tennessee Smokies, arrived over rough trails through gaps in the mountains. There were no wagon roads and the first-comers made the journey either on foot or on horseback. Naturally they brought only the most necessary household goods.

Because of the dangers of the trail the men preceded the women and children—a folk-way that still prevails in the mountains, as any one knows who has seen a mountain family on the way to “meetin’ ” (church).

Often the father rides the family mule while the wife and children plod along on foot. A tourist traveling in the mountains of North Carolina saw a man riding and his wife walking. Skidding his car to a stop, he said severely, “Young man, you’re a lazy lout to have your wife following you on foot. Why don’t you let her ride?”

After staring at the stranger a moment in open-mouth surprise, the mountaineer let go a stream of tobacco juice into the roadside bushes ten feet away and drawled reproachfully, “I’d like to, mister, only she ain’t got nary mule.”

Usually two or three of the younger children ride in front and behind the father, this being a prolific region due to two other long-established customs—early marriages and a reckless disregard for consequences.

Probably the very first route used to cross the Smokies was the old Indian Gap trail. This trail can be seen today where the hard-surfaced Skyway to Clingmans Dome crosses it a little more than a mile from the parkway at Newfound Gap. It had been used by the Indians for centuries before white people came to America.

The later pioneers discovered a gap 200 feet lower. Using this instead of the old trail, they called it Newfound Gap, the name by which it is still known.

Although crude roads on which sleds and ox-carts could be used had been built in some places by the time of the Civil War, the Smokies were still a backwoods frontier when the Blue and the Gray took up arms against each other.

The mountaineers had never owned any slaves and their sympathies were with the Union for the most part, especially on the Tennessee side. Many of them felt that it was not their war, and actively disliked the Negro for being the cause of it—a disfavor which still continues to some extent among mountaineers in the Smokies; where no colored people live, or few go, except as servants of summer residents.

Many mountaineers avoided serving in the war by "scouting" in the mountains, as they called their method of hiding in the wildernesses of laurel and rhododendron that flourish in the highlands. Fort Harry, a huge fortress-like rock surrounded by shrubs and trees, which is located at the southwest base of the mountain opposite the Chimney Tops on the Newfound Gap Highway, was named for a man who successfully used the rugged mass as a hiding place while avoiding military service.

When the war was over the mountaineers clung more closely than before to the safety of their lofty mountains. While they had suffered some privations due to a lack of salt, and similar necessities, they knew that they had fared much better than their lowland neighbors who

had, in most cases, lost everything they owned except their land, and were without either tools or domestic animals with which to tend that.

During the half century that the people in the valleys of the Southern Appalachians were slowly dragging themselves from the depths of poverty to which the war had cast them, the settlers in the mountains, cut off by poor roads and high skylines from the lowlands, continued to live the same primitive lives as had the first settlers in the area.

Nearly all of the visitors, or "furriners," as outsiders were called by the mountaineers, who went to the region between 1870 and 1900 were mineral and timber agents seeking investments; or else they were "reve-noors," and none of them were popular with the mountaineer. For he disliked mine and timber agents as much as he did the men who interfered with his right to make "moonshine" from his own corn which he had grown on his own mountainside—an intolerable infringement of personal rights, to his way of thinking.

Some of these timber and mine prospectors disappeared, either lost in the wilds of the mountains or killed, and lurid stories about the people living in the Southern Appalachians began to drift to the lowlands—some of them were true, but many were exaggerated.

However, the grim tales served the useful purpose of calling the attention of the outside world to this forgotten frontier where the people were living almost without roads, schools, modern conveniences, doctors, or nurses, where typhoid fever, hookworm, and child-birth took their yearly toll—not to mention other diseases which frequently swept in epidemics through the

highlands leaving death and sorrow in their wake.

In nineteen hundred, when the women's clubs of Tennessee began to take note of conditions in the Smokies, Miss Lena B. Warner, a Red Cross nurse who worked in cooperation with the clubwomen among the mountaineers in Sevier County, said that she considered them living examples of the "survival of the fittest," since only a rawhide constitution could have survived the lack of sanitation and the poor ventilation in the cabins—to say nothing of the poorly cooked and limited variety of food served.

The complete isolation of the region and the plight of the mountaineers at the turn of the century is well illustrated by the story of the first settlement school established high up in the Smoky Mountains by the Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs.

In the Tremont section of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, on the Middle Prong of Little River, is a small cove called Walker's Valley—from the name of the man who came to this high, wilderness cove with his wife and three children sometime around 1870, because land could be had almost for the taking up under the nearly inaccessible mountain wall of the divide between Tennessee and North Carolina. A few other settlers, for good or evil reasons, drifted across the mountains and settled here. But William Walker, or "Black Bill" as he was called, was the overlord of the valley.

Before many years queer stories became current in the lowlands about the number of "Black Bill's" wives and children, and his "moonshine" activities. But his speed with a gun was well known, and so no one in-

vestigated the matter. For more than thirty years the valley remained secluded—a by-place where time lingered.

The women sheared the sheep, spun the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the clothes. Besides the household duties, they worked the garden “patch” and did most of the other hoeing and harvesting. The men fished, trapped, and hunted, selling the skins of wild animals for their ready money.

On his hunting expeditions, “Black Bill” used a muzzle-loading rifle which he called “Old Death” that carried a two-ounce ball. He could tell hair-raising tales of being chased by “b’ars” which “tuck atter” him, crazed with pain, because he’d been “careless like” with his first shot and couldn’t reload his flintlock fast enough to end the wounded bear’s agony.

Although the population of the valley exceeded fifty persons, more than half of them children, by 1900, they had never had a public school. Due to the earnest pleas of an invalid boy for a “leetle larnin’,” William Walker asked Blount County for a school for his valley in 1901. Being without funds, the county board of education passed the request on to the Tennessee Federation of Women’s Clubs, because this organization had a new department created expressly to combat illiteracy among the mountaineers in Tennessee.

Miss Margaret Henry of Knoxville was chairman of the Federation’s new division. Upon receiving the call from Walker’s Valley, or “Fodder Stack Cove,” as it was frequently called, Miss Henry, and a friend, Mrs. Emily Webb, set out with Mrs. Webb’s son for the mountains. They arrived at “Black Bill’s” after a rough two-days’

journey by horseback and hiking. (The trip can be made now in little more than an hour by automobile.)

The funds raised by the women's clubs for the work amounted to less than a hundred dollars, but undaunted, Miss Henry began building a cottage similar to those found in Switzerland, as a home for the teacher and as a center for community activities.

Mr. Walker loaned the new arrivals a cabin for a temporary home. In it, with scanty equipment, a school was started. An initial enrollment of sixteen increased to thirty-three before the end of the month, the ages of the pupils ranging anywhere between three and forty.

Miss Henry said in her first report to the Federation: "It was pathetic to see the children, none of whom had ever entered a schoolroom before, arrive wide-eyed—some of the boys carrying guns; but they were all eager for new experiences, and to learn. Two little girls walked five miles down the mountain every day, carrying their lunch of corn 'pone' and 'ros'n' ears in a little brass kettle."

The work on the new cottage progressed slowly. Mr. Walker gave the lumber for it, but the other materials had to be brought from Maryville to the foot of the mountain. They were then drawn up the steep, narrow road on a heavy, hand-made sled by an ancient steer, "Old Red"—the only draft animal in the valley. Building activities had to be stopped in the winter because of the impassable roads.

But the following spring the cottage was completed and was listed in Washington by the Department of Education as the first "teacherage" in America. Mrs.

Webb was installed as house mother, and Frederick Webb as teacher.

Much interest was manifested by the mountaineers in the new cabin with its unheard-of porch and rocking chair and other conveniences unknown in the mountains. At that time there were only two cook-stoves, two flatirons, and one "store-bought" water bucket in the whole cove, according to Miss Henry. A wagon brought all the way from Knoxville by the Webbs was the wonder of the settlement, for the sled was the only vehicle they had ever had, and was used alike in summer and winter.

In 1906 the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs began a similar settlement school in the Happy Valley section of the Smokies; and near the same time the Tennessee Federation established one in the Greenbrier Valley of Sevier County. In 1913 the latter school was moved to Elkmont, Tennessee. Nearly all of the Elkmont natives have moved out of the park and now live near its edge in Happy Valley.

Aroused by the reports in books, magazines, and newspapers of the deplorable illiteracy in the Southern Appalachians, the members of the Washington, D. C., alumnae chapter of Pi Beta Phi established a settlement school at Gatlinburg in 1912. The first sessions were held in a one-room schoolhouse located at the intersection of Pigeon River and Bearskin Creek, with approximately a dozen children in attendance—the buildings now equal that number and include cottages, dormitories, shops, and a large barn for the agricultural department.

At the time the school was established Gatlinburg it-

self was just a wide place in the road with less than a dozen houses, a Baptist church, a blacksmith shop, and a general store that sold everything from liver pills to kerosene.

Though still an unincorporated village, it now has several modern hotels, modern homes and tourists cabins, Protestant Churches and a Catholic Chapel, up-to-date stores, museums, a library, beauty shops, and handicraft shops. As the nearest town to the western and most scenic entrance, and headquarters for the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, thousands of tourists will use it as the base for their activities while seeing the Smokies.

To make Gatlinburg more attractive for visitors, a community planning committee in cooperation with the State Planning Commission has launched a project to improve and develop, with an eye toward the future, its streets, buildings, recreational facilities, and tourist accommodations.

This little mountain town in the heart of the Smokies was settled by hardy pioneers from the Carolinas and Virginia. The exact date is uncertain, but it is fairly well established that Jane Huskie Oglesby, a widow from Edgefield, South Carolina, settled here with her five sons and two daughters near 1800. Richard Reagan from Virginia arrived about the same time. His son, Daniel Wesley Reagan, born in 1802, was the first white child born in the community.

Perhaps the reason Jane Huskie Oglesby was not afraid to trek to the then "far west among the Cherokee" was because she herself was a half-breed Indian. Oglesby, however, is an English name that the family

later changed to Ogle. Previous to the journey west, the oldest daughter had married James McCarter, a Scotchman. They settled a short distance from Gatlinburg at what is now known as Cartertown, where the McCarter family had a grant for several thousand acres of land, according to John McCarter, a grandson of Tom McCarter, one of Rebecca's five sons. John, one of the fine old mountain patriarchs, lives up Norton Creek with his son Amos McCarter.

The picture of the pleasant wife and pretty children of Amos I took one July morning in 1937. Mrs. John Gilmore and I were hiking up Norton Creek to see the giant tulip poplars which are found a few miles up this stream. Passing the McCarter cabin, we paused to speak to the two older children who were playing in the yard. Whereupon Mrs. McCarter, who was sitting on the porch culling huckleberries, graciously, but with charming reserve and dignity, invited us to come in and "set." We had hoped she would do that very thing.

Her hair attracted my attention because of its lovely auburn shade, luxuriance, and luster. The baby was a darling—friendly, healthy, and happy. None of the children showed any of the timidity or stupidity that five generations of mountain living in practically the same neck of the woods is supposed to cause.

When I asked Mrs. McCarter if I could take a picture of the family she seemed pleased, but said apologetically:

"I'd like you to have a 'pitcher,' but we look a plum sight; we ain't clen up. Ef I'd a knowed you wuz acomin' we'd a been stripped an' washed an' had our go-to-meetin' clothe on."

Upon my assuring her that I did not mind their "ever-day" clothes, they posed for me with apparent enjoyment; but they wanted to move the pan of huckleberries, so that it would not show in the picture.

On Norton Creek one sees the mountaineer living under primitive but, for the most part, pleasant conditions. To reach this trail from Gatlinburg, follow Highway No. 71 for about two miles to a one-way bridge (a new one is being planned); cross the bridge; here an old mountain road, rutty and narrow, turns left to Norton Creek.

In a few decades mountain families will pass from the Park, as all of those now remaining have sold their land to the government and retain, for a nominal sum, just life-time leases. Sentimentalists should not lament this fact too much, for there are many mountain sections where the removed can settle, if they wish to remain in the region. Too, the Smokies afforded only the barest necessities even to the pioneers, and today, if they had not been made a park, with the timber in the hands of lumber companies and the game destroyed, they could have supported only a sparse population at best, and that meagerly.

On the other hand, reserved and used as a recreational center, and a preserve for virgin forests and native wild life, the Great Smoky Mountains become a national asset of first importance, and convey benefits to thousands. Congested population, the need for outdoor life, the destruction of most wilderness areas—these conditions have given to the Smokies and to other unspoiled scenic regions a high social value.

We have seen that the altitude and ruggedness of

these mountains had a striking influence on the early history of the region as a whole—checking, deflecting, and delaying the movement and growth of society in Tennessee and North Carolina. But time has brought changes. Today, the one-time impediment attracts, stimulates, and refreshes a multitude. Also, the park will preserve the rich field of pioneer culture which has remained here—handicrafts, folk songs, primitive architecture, and folk-ways.

The presence of the natives in the park and adjoining regions adds much human interest as well as local color. In the next chapter I shall try to present them in their individual picturesqueness, but with a sympathetic understanding of their hardships and disadvantages, and a true appreciation of their sturdy virtues.

CHAPTER III

*Meet the Mountaineer **

HOWDY," is the usual greeting of the mountaineer in the Smokies, if one chances to encounter him on a side road or trail. Although, in a few years, he will probably abandon, along with other folk-ways, the friendly greeting of strangers, which is reminiscent of horse-and-buggy days when travelers in the mountains were few.

If anyone stops at the door of a primitive cabin, his presence is almost sure to be recognized with the same brief, "howdy."

To the tourist unfamiliar with mountain manners, the greeting may sound abrupt and almost unfriendly; but the apparent lack of cordiality is due to native shyness, not inhospitality. For the mountaineer almost invariably follows his brief, "howdy," with the gracious invitation to, "come in and 'set'" or to, "come in and hev a cheer" (chair).

If the visitor is a woman, when she is seated one of the children, or the mother, approaches and says with crude courtesy, "Let me rest your hat."

These picturesque Southern Highlanders in, or near, the park area, with their quaint speech, ancient log cabins, and primitive arts, will be objects of in-

* Any statement in this book about the mountaineers refers to the average natives as I have found them, and does not include the exceptional individuals whom you may know, or may encounter, for no general characteristics, observed over a period of years, apply to every member of any group of individuals anywhere.

terest to many of the visitors to the Great Smoky Mountains. Especially since this region, and a few other remote parts of the Southern Appalachians, are the last fruitful fields left for those with a bent for delving into American folklore and folk-ways.

Even here the twentieth century is pushing back farther into the mountains each year. And pioneer culture, which has remained in this area almost in its original form, due to isolation, for a longer period than in other sections, will vanish here as it has elsewhere—just as little remains today to remind us of the Cherokee who once lived in the coves and hunted in the virgin forests of the Smokies.

Realizing the historical value of the slowly but surely vanishing evidences of frontier days, the National Park Service has made plans to preserve some of the primitive structures and pioneer artifacts abandoned by families who have moved out of the park. Some of them were living, at the time of their removal, in cabins that had been handed down for generations. Several of these are to be restored and are to contain pioneer-culture exhibits that will make them “folk museums” in a true sense.

The project as outlined includes some community groups of mountain buildings of different types. The domestic-farm groups will feature one-room log cabins, and also the later “double-house” cabins with entry between. Other structures included in this kind of community will be barns, corn cribs, apple houses, spring houses, smoke houses, and the rest of the primitive buildings usually found in the vicinity of an early mountain home.

These are not to be formal museums but will have life and color—a tea kettle may hang over a glowing pine knot; perhaps pigs will grunt in their pens, and chickens cackle in the yards; only the smell of ham frying and children playing under the trees will be lacking.

In a few of the communities the industrial history of the region will be preserved and demonstrated by forges, grist mills, saw mills, cane mills, etc. "Tub mills," perhaps a hundred years old, will again rumble in the Smokies. Hide-tanning, blacksmithing, and gunsmithing as primitive processes will be in operation; while looms will click and spinning wheels whirl in some of the completely refurnished cabins.

These several "field museums of history" will consist of preserved and restored structures as far as possible. Those that it may be necessary to build will be constructed from definite drawings and measurements of original specimens. Old men skilled in primitive carpentry, such as the use of the broadax, will either supervise or do the work, making it important for the proposed rebuilding to be done as soon as possible while mountaineers who remember former days in the Smokies are still able to help reconstruct that early period.

Several old buildings have already been restored in picturesque Cades Cove, where John Oliver, one of the first settlers in the Smokies, established a home in 1818. The Cove was obtained by the State of Tennessee from the Indians by the Treaty of Tellico in 1798. But it was not settled until John Oliver, a veteran of the war of 1812, tramped across the Smokies. The old Oliver

house which has been preserved, while not the original home of this pioneer, was built by descendants and is the oldest house in the Cove.

A number of such classic structures in this section are well preserved, and to make it the first community group presented fewer difficulties than most of the other settlements. Some of the other interesting restored, or preserved, examples of pioneer architecture in the Cove include the Burchfield house, the Cable grist mill, and the Sherman Myers barn—the latter is constructed of huge logs, and is probably one of the finest examples of this type of primitive building to be found anywhere today, according to students of primitive architecture.

For the convenience of tourists these museums of pioneer life will be located as near as practicable to the several camp grounds in the park, but in proper settings of isolation; and, when possible, on the original sites of former communities. Old mountain roads and trails as the nearest means of approach will add to the primitive atmosphere of the restored settlements. As authentic examples of frontier life the reconstructed pioneer communities in the Smokies will be unsurpassed anywhere, if the project is completed as outlined, according to C. S. Grossman, government architect who has made the survey of old buildings in the park.

"Washington has already approved the plan, more than a thousand pioneer structures have been studied and measured, hundreds of natives have been interviewed, and various artifacts have been gathered"—"hog" rifles, spinning wheels, corner cupboards, horse-hair sifters, hand-made ladder-back chairs, bear traps,

ancient sleds, and other primitive farm implements and household furnishings.

The square dance with mountain music, old harp singings, husking bees, molasses makings, and old settlers' days, with dinner served on the ground in good old mountain style, may be held in the communities at intervals to re-enact the social life of pioneer days. Thus visitors to the park will be able to see the colorful features of early mountain life along with its primitive architecture, industries, and handicrafts.

The art of mountain weaving and other pioneer fire-side arts have been revived and are being fostered in the Smokies by a number of settlement schools. The one which was mentioned in the previous chapter as founded in 1912, by the Pi Beta Phi fraternity at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, just outside the park area, is especially noteworthy.

In addition to the regular academic work prescribed by the state government, the school instituted courses in agriculture, home economics, weaving, and home hygiene. More recently classes have been added in making furniture, baskets, refinishing antiques, and in other home arts. Through the various chapters of the fraternity scattered over the country, and through the school's locally operated handicraft shop, and through other shops of this type in the Smokies and vicinity, a market is provided for such products. Every year thousands of dollars are paid to mountain families for their artistic wares, providing the extra money necessary for educating their children and for them to have a few of the luxuries of civilization.

To these community schools scattered throughout the Southern Appalachians, more than to any other agency, the mountaineer owes his broader and higher horizons, and the measure of economic security which he enjoys today.

Pioneer log cabins in the Smokies, as elsewhere, were simply constructed and followed much the same pattern in all cases, as those which have been preserved show. Tools and available types of materials were limited, of course, to say nothing of the need for haste to get a substantial shelter instead of the rude lean-to, constructed, Indian fashion, of bark, limbs, and twigs, that the first pioneers were forced to set up quickly upon arrival in a region where storms were frequent and wild beasts numerous.

There is something appealingly sturdy about log houses which have stood stanchly through the vicissitudes of mountain weather for more than a hundred years. They are self-built monuments to the mountaineers' bold, adventurous ancestors that are worthy of preservation.

One of these ancient hand-hewn log cabins stands in "Five Sister Cove," or the Little Greenbrier section, and shelters descendants of the pioneers who built it. Five sisters between forty and sixty years of age are living here in almost the same primitive way as did their ancestors. They are always spoken of by the hundreds of tourists who visit them, and by their neighbors, as the "Walker sisters."

Their home is a typical example of the pioneer cabin of the two-room type with loft above—most of these larger cabins were simple, one-room structures at first,



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Upper: "The Walker Sisters." Left to right—Hettie, Louise, Martha, Polly, and Margaret Walker. Lower: Log cabin home of the Walkers—almost a hundred years old.



Not all mountaineers are backward and uncouth, although some recent books and plays do imply that they are. *Left:* Lovely Mary Parton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Parton of Elkmont, student at Tennessee Wesleyan College, Athens, Tennessee. Seven generations of Mary's ancestors have lived in the heart of the Smokies at Elkmont. Her mother is postmistress there. *Lower Center:* Cutting cane to make sorghum—a time-honored "sweeten" in the mountains. *Upper Center:* Grinding the cane. *Right:* Boiling the sweet juice down to the consistency of molasses.

Photographs: *Left, by author; others, by Carlos C. Campbell*

but as the family became larger and more prosperous a room was added. In the case of the Walker house, the one-room cabins of the two branches of their Irish and German ancestors were combined to make their present home—the smaller cabin being moved quite a distance.

The larger room in the Walker cabin is referred to by them in the old way, as the "big house," or "settin' room." At one end of each room there is a huge outside chimney that carries the smoke from a cavernous fireplace fully six feet wide and equally as high. The chimneys are built of rocks and mortared with clay. The sisters still do much of their cooking in an iron pot hung on a hook that is suspended from an iron bar wedged in the chimney, although they now have a small box stove in the smaller room, or kitchen.

Two tiny windows are hewn through the logs on either side of the fireplace in the "big house." The loft above this room is reached by way of a ladder through a hole in the ceiling—the usual stairway in the primitive cabins.

Five handmade, sturdy wooden beds which have been used for nearly a century almost fill the "settin' " room. Under one of them is the usual mountain trundle bed. Beautiful pieced quilts and hand-woven spreads are among the sisters' prized possessions.

Roses and other flowers set out by their mother, and some by their grandmothers, are growing in the yard. Near the back door is a large, old-fashioned vegetable garden with a row of pieplant, horseradish, and sage down the center. Beans, potatoes, corn, and onions grow in it in well-tended profusion. An ancient picket fence protects the vegetables from the chickens.

All of the sisters work on their little farm—planting, hoeing, and even plowing, if no man can be found to do it. They say their land produces everything they need except sugar, soda, coffee, and salt.

Apples, beans, tomatoes, and other surplus fruits and vegetables are canned; and jellies, pickles, jams, soap, lard, vinegar, and such household necessities are made at home in the thrifty way practiced by their foremothers.

They shear their sheep, wash the wool, and card, and spin, and weave it into cloth, which they dye with walnut bark and other nature-provided coloring materials. An old-fashioned pattern long in use in the mountains provides the design when the cloth is cut into dresses. The waists are tight and button down the front, while the skirts are full, are gathered at the waist, and reach to the ankles—achieving streamlined styles is not among the major worries of Margaret, Polly, Martha, Louisa, and Hettie Walker, but a national park that wants to include their homestead in its boundaries is, although they pretty well understand now that they will not be required to move if their farm becomes part of the park boundary.

Hettie, the youngest, said, "We worried a sight fur awhile. We are used to it here and wouldn't want to leave from where we wuz born and brung up. We know how to make a livin' on our land, but we wouldn't nowheres else, I reckon."

When tourists first began to visit them, the sisters were timid and resented it. But they are beginning to appreciate the interest people take in them and their primitive mode of life, and are now quite friendly.

They even proudly exhibit a guest-book which contains the names of almost a thousand people who have visited them during the two years since they have been keeping it. Mrs. Austin Peay, wife of a former governor of Tennessee, and many other prominent people have been among the guests who have come from nearly every state in the union and some foreign countries—despite the fact that the Walker sisters live “back-of-beyond” and the only road to their cabin is a narrow mountain one of primitive type.

Like most rural people and a good many of the rest of us, if we would admit it, the Walker sisters have some pet superstitions. For instance, they believe that it is good luck to have a cat come to the home, but bad luck to kill one.

I have encountered a mass of such curious beliefs and superstitions among the natives, in my years of vacationing in the Great Smoky Mountains. As I have sat on the porches of cabins talking with isolated families, I have frequently managed to turn the conversation to “magic cures” and local taboos.

Here and there I have found some disagreement among those who take their superstitions seriously. Most of them say, in keeping with the traditional old English belief, that a cricket chirping on the hearth brings good luck, but a few claim that a cricket’s “raspin’” foretells a death. Some declare that sneezing before breakfast is a sign that visitors will come during the day; and others contend that it is an itching nose that brings company.

The mountaineer is disturbed if a black cat crosses his path, but he has a remedy for the “spell” the cat

may cast. All he has to do to break it is to turn around, spit twice, and then go a few paces in the opposite direction. Expectoration magic is also used when a horseshoe is found in the road. The finder spits on it and tosses it over his left shoulder to avert the bad luck supposed to be attendant upon such a find—some claim if a wish is made at the time of the tossing it will surely be fulfilled.

Belief in magic cures is still to be encountered in the mountains as well as in other rural sections of parts of our country: To roll three times toward the call of the first dove is supposed to cure backache; while bleeding and pain can be stopped by putting an ax under the bed. Wearing a match in the hair is said to keep off headaches, and the blood from a black cat's tail to cure "shingles."

According to some of the older mountain women, a piece of lead worn around the neck stops "nose bleed"; a narrow leather band encircling the wrist prevents cramps; a copper wire twisted around the ankle cures "rheumatiz"; and a hog's tooth on a string when placed about his neck aids a child when he is teething.

A buckeye, or a shriveled potato, carried in the pocket is supposed to be efficacious in preventing rheumatic pains.

Warts can be removed in a number of traditional ways: stealing a dishrag, rubbing the wart, then hiding the rag without telling anyone what has been done will cause the wart to disappear; a drop of blood from each wart put on a grain of corn and fed to a rooster is supposed to be equally successful in removing them;

or, if a notch for each is cut on a peachtree, when the bark heals over, they will disappear.

Signs and superstitions about planting and other phases of farm activities are probably the most numerous. A very old mountain woman told me, "I plants cucumbers afore sunup, so's the bugs won't eat 'em soon's they bust the dirt.

"'Nother thing," she said, pushing back her black split-bonnet and taking a draw from her corn-cob pipe, "my granny said over an' often, an' I've noticed hit my own self, ef a cow is milked on the ground she'll go dry; an' ef a calf is weaned when the sign's in the head, it'll bawl its head mighty nigh off.

"Ef a hen crows somebody's goin' to die shore," she affirmed solemnly, "onless the hen's killed and her body throwed away. Ef the hen is 'et,' the charm is spoilt."

The old lady's omens of death were numerous: "Ef a cow critter bawls at night they's goin' to be a death afore that day week; a whip'erwill a cryin' long 'bout midnight's a shore sign somebody's due to die soon," she told me on one occasion.

Then she removed the pipe from her mouth, and her eyes looked reminiscent: "'Whensomeever a dead body don't git stiff right off, there's goin' to be 'nother death in the family,' my granny said, an' she orter knowed fur she washed and laid out nigh onto ever woman corpse in these here hills fur forty year or more.

"I've noticed hit, too, myself, a heap o' times," the old woman continued between puffs on her pipe. "I recollect the time we had a heap o' bad cases of typhoid

fever, in 1910 hit 'twuz, an' five outten a family o seven died up the holler thar. They all died without more'n a day betwixt 'em, an' not a one of them corpses showed a mite o' stiffness till the next 'un wuz dead."

She paused for a minute, and I waited, for I knew she had not finished. "Then," she began sadly, "I recollect the day my sister died, when her baby was borned afore hit's time. She wuz hoein' corn, an' 'round ten o'clock she tuck sick. She suffered turble, an' didn't rally none atter the baby come. Nigh sun-down she up an' died, but her body stayed limp as a rag ontill her baby, 'twar a leetle gal, died 'bout midnight—hit's a shore sign I reckon."

The ancient Cherokee believed that the linn, or bass-wood, tree (*Tilia*) would never be struck by lightning. And a mountaineer caught out in one of the frequent thunderstorms in the Smokies will try to find a bass-wood for shelter to protect him from the lightning. Some of them also believe, as did the Indians, that a fire of post oak and the wood of the summer grape will bring a spell of warm weather even in the coldest season. Thus it seems that a few, at least, of the superstitious beliefs that have long been prevalent in the Smokies may be of Indian origin.

However, students of the subject trace most of such superstitions to the Anglo-Saxon ancestors of the mountaineers. That many of them have been handed down for generations, along with other folk-ways, in the mountains is undoubtedly true, but some of them—the one, for instance, regarding spitting to avert evil—are found in many parts of the world, and their origin cannot be definitely traced.

In the Smokies, as elsewhere, superstitions are diminishing in importance, and are becoming more and more just old sayings and practices of a former time. The credence in witches, ghosts, and goblins prevalent in pioneer days, and the later stories of warnings, omens, and messages from unseen agencies told by some of the older people, are also rarely encountered in the mountains today.

An impressive psychic story current for years in the Elkmont section of the Smokies might appeal to those who have been aroused to a new interest in such phenomena by the recent psychic experiments being conducted at Duke University in North Carolina.

A small mountain boy wandered from his father's cabin on Little River and was lost in the tangles of holly, laurel, rhododendron, and trees on the rugged hills above the "Sinks Bridge" on Highway 73 in Tennessee.

The child was hunted for two days and nights by the mountaineer and his neighbors, but not a trace of the little wanderer could be found.

"Uncle" Henry Stinnett, a kind neighbor, was "worret a sight" to think of the child being alone in the wilds of the mountains, an easy prey for any varmint roaming the hills. The second night "Uncle Henry" lay down for a few hours' rest; but before going to sleep he prayed with the simple faith of his pioneer ancestors that the lost might be found.

He fell into a light sleep and dreamed that he saw the strayed child. In relating the story he said:

"Hit war showed me like a 'pitcher' that the babe wuz asleep up in under a log like, on the side of a ridge

that I knowed whar hit be by hits size and shape."

He called together some of the men who were combing the mountains for the child, and told them what he had dreamed. With "Uncle Henry" in the lead they renewed their search. After a little difficulty in locating the ridge he had seen in his dream, the old man found the little boy asleep, unharmed, in some leaves under the uprooted stump of a tree.

This apparently clairvoyant phenomenon is not unlike the one told to J. B. Rhyne of Duke University which first aroused his interest in psychic research.

Isolated for generations by mountain barriers and poor roads, it is true the southern mountaineers have retained primitive beliefs, customs, and industries much longer than the people in most other sections, but this does not mean that they are incapable of industrial or social progress.

We have only to remember early pioneer days when the ancestors of these mountaineers made history for the nation, to know that the same racial stock that produced a Boone, a Sevier, a Jackson, and many other national heroes, is not lacking in natural ability.

We have learned that the ancestors of the natives in the Smokies were in the vanguard when bold, sturdy settlers were flowing across the Unakas from the Carolinas, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

Some of the older mountaineers with whom I have talked remember having been told by their fathers or grandfathers that their first American ancestors came to this country from the Lowlands of Scotland, or else from Northern England and Ireland, many of them for either religious or political freedom.

Among the pioneer families still living in the Gatlinburg section of the Smokies are the English Owenbys, the Irish Bohannons, the Scotch McCarters, and the Scotch-Irish Reagans.

Meeting and talking with these friendly mountain people has been one of the pleasures of my tramps in the Smokies. Such contacts have given me a first-hand knowledge of their quaint speech, customs, and beliefs; and they have increased my respect for the mountaineer's resourcefulness, his cheerfulness, and his independence of spirit which are so often lacking in many of our civilization-softened people.

The time has come when the writer of mountain stories will have to stop picturing the mountaineer as "living in a collapsing shack with stringy children peering like famished wolves from behind their stringy mother's back, while their shiftless father plows a weather-beaten mule on a perpendicular hillside"; for this description does not portray the mountain family as it is today, except in a few of the isolated sections.

Perhaps more has been written about the peculiarities of speech of the mountaineer, or of mountain "dialect" as it is sometimes erroneously called, than of any other one characteristic of our Southern Highlanders.

The National Park Service has conducted some revealing research as to the lingual habits of the Smoky mountaineer. The report is based on phonetic studies made in Blount, Sevier, and Cocke Counties on the Tennessee side, and in some parts of Haywood and Swain Counties in North Carolina. It shows that the language of the mountaineer, instead of indicating lack

of mental ability, is the speech of an intelligent people; that it is clear and expressive English which has followed, because of isolation, its own course of development.

The archaic words retained reveal that this development has been slow; primarily, because of limited contact with changing forms in use elsewhere. These antique words, such as "engern" for onion, "vigrou" for vigorous, "holpt" for helped, "atter" for after, and "clen" for cleaned, although plentiful, do not form the whole fabric of the mountaineer's daily speech as some people seem to think. And his speech does not, in my opinion, vary greatly from that of other rural people in North Carolina and Tennessee.

The young people in the mountains are discarding the lingual heritage of Scotland and England which their parents and grandparents use with interesting fidelity and quaint charm. As a rule the mountain boy or girl who attends school says, "first" and "worst," whereas their parents say "fust" and "wust." Nearly all of the older people use the Elizabethan "afeard" while the children usually say "afraid," I have noticed.

However, even the young people in remote sections will still be heard to say, as do their parents, "fotch" and "cotch" for "fetch" and "catch"; "bar" for "bear," and "thar" for "there," although none of these expressions are heard as frequently as they were just a few years ago when travelers in the mountains were fewer.

In 1936 a boy in the Civilian Conservation Corps, who was from a northern state, married a young mountain girl in the Elkmont section of the Smokies. They kept their marriage a secret for a while, but it was dis-

covered after a few months and the boy was to be sent home, as is the rule in such cases.

At the time, his wife was employed as a maid by Mrs. John Gilmore of Nashville, Tennessee, who has a summer cottage at Elkmont. Mrs. Gilmore said to her, "I suppose you'll be leaving with your husband tomorrow."

The girl shook her head emphatically and said, "No, Mis' Gilmore, you don't ketch me agoin' out of these here mountains with that thar strange man, and I never 'intentioned' to go to no 'furrin' parts none o' the time."

Besides illustrating the use of the rare old form "intentioned," the girl's speech indicates the stubborn way the mountaineer clings to the security of his hills. For he is definitely provincial if that is what is meant when it is said that he is passionately attached to his own mountainside—it is a marked characteristic. He roots deeply, clings closely, and can live contentedly without ever going farther than a few miles from his own spring branch.

Life away from his particular cove, with its familiar high horizons where mists cling and drift in fairy-like splendor on the blue mountain crests, is almost inconceivable, especially to the older inhabitants, most any one of whom nourishes the belief that his particular cove is the garden spot of the earth.

One old woman living up Mids Branch in the shadow of the Sugarlands expressed the idea naïvely a few years ago when I told her I was from Knoxville, fifty miles distant.

"Knoxville," she repeated, "that's way down in the

valley, I hear tell; I jist don't see how folks stan' to live sich a fur piece off."

This persistent attachment to the old environment is concretely demonstrated by the great number of families who were still occupying ancestral homes in the area when The Smoky Mountains Park was established.

A late Elkmont patriarch, Levi Trentham, when asked how long he had lived in that vicinity, replied: "The Trenthams has been here a right smart spell. My paw tuck up land 'round old Blanket Mountain yander when I'se jist a little shaver, back atter the Civil War, an' we've been rooted as the trees ever since."

"Uncle Levi," as nearly everyone called him, was long known as the "Prophet of the Smokies" because of his wide knowledge of the mountains, and his shrewd, native philosophy. His picture showing his long flowing beard and ancient rifles is featured at the mountaineer museum of Edna Lynn Simms, which is located at Gatlinburg. In this museum are some of the pioneer furnishings of the Trentham family, and also those of a number of other prominent natives. They were collected by Mrs. Simms long before the value of such artifacts was appreciated by other visitors to the mountains.

Her museum was the first of its kind in the Smokies and contains more than two thousand primitive articles, many of them rare—piggins, horsehair sifters, bear traps, guns, iron kettles, and hand-carved beds and chairs, some of them more than a hundred years old. "Aunt Lyddy" Whaley's wedding balmoral (petticoat) is one of the prize exhibits. "Aunt Lyddy" sheared the

wool from the sheep's backs, washed, carded, spun, and dyed the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the balmoral which she wore to her wedding. The peacock blue, red, green and coral shades she obtained from home-made dyes.

"Aunt Lydia" was the granddaughter of an early Scotch settler, and until her death a few years ago, at ninety-two, was the authority for much interesting information about the Smokies near Gatlinburg, Mrs. Simms says. Many objects of her handiwork are in the museum, and you have only to look at them to know she was an intrepid lady who never let meager materials and limited tools stop her when she "set her head" to make something.

Many stories illustrating "Uncle Levi" Trentham's original philosophy and wit are current in the Smokies.

When summer visitors first began swimming in the mountain streams near Elkmont after the turn of the century, the natives often gathered on the banks to watch them. "Uncle Levi" was among such a group observing city people swimming, when a man from Knoxville said to him:

"Uncle Levi, why don't you mountain people build a dam and have a swimming pool?"

The old man stroked the long white beard that reached almost to his waist, and said with dignity, "We uns air decent folks, and don't wash with the women."

One day when the Constitution was being discussed, "Uncle Levi" observed with a good deal of keen discernment:

"I don't know nothin' much 'bout the Constitution 'cept hit's what ever feller starts hollerin' 'bout, an'

leanin' back on, when some law's past as don't suit his taste."

When the Scopes trial was in progress at Dayton, Tennessee, and the late Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan were contending as to the advisability of letting school children in Tennessee into the secrets of the theory of evolution, I asked the "Prophet of the Smokies" what he thought of our monkey origin. He leaned on his hand-carved walking stick, looked toward the distant mountains and said:

"Wal, young woman, ef galavantin' 'round the country in ortermobiles, and these here hug-me-tight dances, an' sich monkey business don't ruin folks, we don't need to worry none as to whuther our grandpaps way back yander wuz monkeys or not."

While Clarence Darrow was in Tennessee for the Scopes trial he visited the Great Smoky Mountains, and made the trip to the top of Gregory Bald. Standing on the summit of this great peak, he looked into the mass of rolling, gossamer-veiled blue hills reaching to the far distant horizon, and this acknowledged atheist is reported to have said, "I'm almost persuaded only a God could have created mountains of such magnitude and beauty."

The clinging of the mountaineer to his native hills has already been mentioned; but, with all his clinging, the average mountaineer, as I have observed him, is quite indifferent to their scenic attractions. His attitude toward the beautiful mountains resembles the apathetic acceptance of a gorgeous day which characterizes those who dwell in a land of perpetual sunshine.

Perhaps, we, from cities, would not gaze at mountains overcrowding the landscape, hear the soothing murmur of their forests, and smell the cool freshness of their fragrant breezes with so much rapture, if it were not for the delightful contrast which they offer to the dingy city streets of our daily existence, with their smelly blasts of searing air and raucous noises.

One late afternoon I stopped to rest on the porch of a mountain cabin situated on the banks of a dashing stream in a picturesque cove. A ravishing maze of pale pink laurel blooms made a blur of color along the creek and on the sides of the hills in the foreground. In the far distance tall peaks lifted blue summits out of purple bases to the azure sky, where fantastic wreaths of fleecy clouds grew roseate in the glow of the setting sun:

"What a lovely view you have here!" I exclaimed to the mountain woman who sat near by with a chubby, blond boy on her lap.

"Yes, we ain't skimped none fur a view," she said, without a glance at the towering Smokies.

"Skimped" for almost everything, as she had been all of her life, a generous or "unskimped" view of far horizons was meager compensation, her tone implied.

In the Southern mountains, called sometimes the land of "do-with-out," the burden has fallen heaviest on the women who have had to bear and rear their children with few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of civilization. Living according to the nature of things and following the line of least resistance has been a drab experience for most of them.

To illustrate further the average mountaineer's in-

difference to scenery, I recall an old man's interesting comments on "views."

Leaving our warm blankets (nearly every night in the Smokies calls for blankets) and making a chilly rendezvous with dawn, a friend and I walked from my cottage at Wonderland Club, near Elkmont, to Point Lookout, at Fightin' Creek Gap, to see the sunrise.

A gorgeous view is to be had here of LeConte, Mount Harrison, The Sugarlands, and of the Gatlinburg Valley—a view which combines the beautiful and the grand in ever-changing aspects of mists and clouds, and lights and shadows—a far-reaching view of high horizons that clears the mind, quickens the pulse, and makes very humble the heart.

We reached the "Gap" as the eastern sky flushed to deep pink; mists floated wraith-like in the Gatlinburg Valley, and clouds trailed their skirts across the triple purple peaks of LeConte . . . The soft winds of day-break blew cool and fresh, sweet with the intermingling odors of flowering trees, damp earth, and fragrant pines. Bathed in the soft colored light the mountains seemed unreal, almost phantasmal—more like a painting than an actuality.

The splendor in the east deepened and touched the clouds on the peaks with rose and purple, the wooded slopes turned a silvery green, and the landscape seemed to hold its breath as sunlight flooded the valley with the crystal brightness, freshness, and buoyancy of a new day.

Neither my friend nor I had spoken after we had reached Point Lookout, but I turned to her now as she said, "I'd like to hold to the enchantment of this mo-

ment, and the feeling of infinite courage this sunrise pageant has given me."

"Light after darkness is a miracle grown old by repetition," I said, "but still wonderfully prophetic, if we pause to consider it." Awed, and spiritually refreshed, we turned to go home.

While we had stood gazing toward the sunrise an old mountaineer had climbed the steep road to the "Gap" with a heavy sack of meal on his shoulders, and had paused to rest.

"Howdy," he said in the respectful tones of the older natives, as we turned toward him.

"Good morning," we replied as cordially as we could, although we regretted to have the spell of the moment dissipated.

"You-uns walked up here to see the view, I reckon," he said, conversationally, as he lifted his heavy sack to his broad, though age-stooped shoulders.

"Yes," I agreed, "isn't it magnificent?"

"Wal," he said, adjusting his sack to the stoop of his back, "I've lived in these mountains sence I's jist a chunk of a boy, an' I ain't never seen nuthin' in these here views you city folks tek on so 'bout.

"Them mountains don't fool me none all dressed up in pink clouds thet away—they're jist rough hills with a powerful sight o' pesky bresh on 'em thet's 'tarnation to git thu. I've picked huckleberries, and hunted cow critters too, all over the Sugarland, and LeConte, and the rest of 'em. They look mighty peaceful like off yander, but you ought to git tangled up in them laurel slicks, onct an' you'd change your mind 'bout how purty an' friendly Old Smoky air."

"Laurel slicks" are impenetrable laurel and rhododendron thickets that the mountaineer probably named "slicks," because at a distance they appear smooth and grass-like, due to the closely packed, evergreen leaves of the shrubs which are so dense a dog cannot penetrate them. Scientists call them "heath balds."

Perhaps if my friend and I had always lived in the mountains, and had been forced to contend daily with their difficult features, as had the old man, we, too, might have been more aware of their disagreeable aspects than of their beauty; so we did not attempt to convert him to our way of seeing them.

Mountain balladry is a phase of pioneer culture that has come in for a great deal of exhaustive study during the last few years. Folklore students tell us that ballads and stories current in Europe in the Eighteenth, and even in the Fourteenth Century according to some investigators, exist today in the Smokies almost in their original form. Nearly everyone is familiar with the numerous verses, having only slight variations, and the minor melodies of the typical mountain ballad; since Broadway has gone hill-billy and mountain ballads, both real and imitated, are being used extensively on radio, screen, and stage programs. A few good collections of Smoky Mountains ballads have been compiled, and anyone interested can probably find them in book-shops, and libraries.

Although time has stood still in the Smokies, and the natives of the region retain their primitive ideals, speech, and industries to a surprising extent, and live without many modern conveniences, it cannot be repeated too often that they are not inherently back-

ward, but have lived according to the exigencies of their environment.

They have taken on some of the rugged characteristics of the wild mountain country that is their heritage. The Smoky mountaineer is what he is without complication or pretense. The older ones especially seem to be born with a working knowledge of woodcraft, of trail-blazing, of the ways of wild life, and with sufficient resourcefulness to be able to take care of themselves under difficult conditions.

A thrifty people, they have kept the skill with their hands which their ancestors acquired through necessity, because "store-boughten" articles were rare until comparatively recent times. And the lost art of "making things," formerly practiced in families, is found flourishing again in the Smokies, when one visits the natives. Weaving, one of the most difficult kinds of handwork to learn, skilled mountain women accomplish with ease. Many intricate patterns are made and the articles include homespun coverlets, towels, table runners, luncheon sets, and more modern still—lipstick-red cocktail napkins.

Other leading handiwork products are hooked rugs, woodwork, pottery, and baskets, the individual pieces having a price range from a dime for pocket-size souvenirs, to fifty or a hundred dollars for unique bedspreads and pieces of furniture.

Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most colorful, of the native arts is that of quilt-piecing. Due to the thousands of tourists who visit the park monthly, quilt patterns which have been handed down from generation to generation in the Smokies are becoming

known to the outside world, nearly all handicraft shops in the park region having old-fashioned pieced quilts for sale.

Many traditions are connected with the different designs. The hard lives, hopes, loves, sorrows, and joys are portrayed in their quilt patterns. The men had hunting and fishing, shooting and wrestling matches for relaxation, but the women had nothing to relieve the monotony of their days.

Scraps of material left from dress, apron, or bonnet they cut into squares, triangles, and other shapes and sewed into patterns to represent flowers, animals, trees, or human sentiments. The gay hues and symbolic patterns appeased their hunger for color and beauty in their lives. Religion inspired many patterns—"Job's Tears," "Jacob's Ladder," "Tree of Paradise," and "The Cross." Some of the patterns inspired by flowers and trees include, "The Lily," "The Rose," "Oak Leaf," "Pine Tree," and "Maple Leaf."

Star patterns are probably the most numerous—"Bethlehem Star," "Lone Star," "Blazing Star," "Shooting Star," "Seven Star," being just a few of the star patterns. Domestic fowls and birds are represented in the designs called "Turkey Tracks," "Wild Geese," "Duck's Foot," and "Crow's Foot." One typical mountain quilt is called "The Rattlesnake"—waving lines of brightly speckled calico against a plain background being used to form the design.

Among the romantic patterns are "Lover's Knot," "The Wedding Ring," "Faith and Fortune," and "Broken Engagement"—each a symbol of romantic moments and designed by women usually considered, by

those who do not know them, too stolid for romance.

Smoky Mountain natives are also skilled in the knowledge and use of plants for medicines and dyes, and of the woods best suited to make different articles. In fact they might be called "practical naturalists" but if one told them so they would probably say, "No, we're Baptists."

They are justly famous as good guides and natural philosophers. The mountains have put their stamp on the old-timers—you can see it in their faces. But the number of grizzled patriarchs is becoming fewer each year.

Fortunately the mountaineer museums will now preserve the memory of such famous old bee-hunters, community leaders, bear trailers, and sages as "Uncle" Ben Parton and "Uncle" Levi Trentham of the Little River section; William Myers of Cades Cove, Andy Shields of LeConte, and a host of other honest, rugged characters; and also such famous, intrepid, resourceful pioneer mothers as "Aunt" Lydia Whaley, and "Aunt" Julian Ogle of Gatlinburg.

Developed by necessity into a strong-charactered people with determined ideas, it was natural for their beliefs to harden into prejudices that have augmented their disadvantages and further delayed their development, but if the sad phases of city life were emphasized as much as those of the mountain people the breaks would be about even. After all, proximity to modern conveniences and luxuries means little if one has not the resources with which to purchase them.

The mountaineer has one distinct advantage over people of the same economic status in the city, one that

is frequently forgotten—tucked away in his little cove, he can earn a living and still keep untrammeled the spirit of independence so important to his ancestors that they crossed an ocean and braved the terrors of unknown mountains to preserve it.

When motoring and hiking in the Smokies, you will find it interesting and enlightening to meet some of the mountaineers.

CHAPTER IV

Motoring in the Smokies

MOTOR trips and hikes hold the key to the scenic splendors of the blue peaks, virgin forests, and picturesque coves of the Great Smoky Mountains. Whether one is in a car following smooth highways through stream-built gorges flanked by steeply wooded mountains, or traveling along the more intimate foot and horseback trails of the higher crests and remote slopes, such excursions are colorful threads to weave into the tapestry of one's existence—threads that will give luster to the most drab life pattern.

Such road and trail adventuring is sure to bring the realization that these mountains are inexhaustible sources of superior natural beauty and inspiration. A place set apart from the restless, noisy world in these swift, kaleidoscopic times of telescoped living, where weary and disillusioned wayfarers may come, as to a shrine, to freshen their jaded souls in the peace and beauty of Nature's mystic temples.

Moving along in the breezy freshness of their woodways, savoring the varied fragrance; listening to the fine murmur of forests; the faint twitter of birds; and the splash of streams in the harmoniously audible quiet, it becomes increasingly apparent why wilderness parks, such as the Smokies, were described as "places to regain spiritual balance," by Richard Lieber of Indianapolis,

president of the National Conference on State Parks. He said further, in an address at the eighteenth national conference of this organization, in session at Norris, Tennessee, in the spring of 1938:

"The function of such parks is not to provide shallow amusement for bored and boring people. They are the dietetics of the soul; a refuge; and, if needed, a place of resignation from the turbulent world without."

Looking into the high horizons of the Smokies, symbolic in their ethereal beauty, our thoughts are lifted above our baser natures to the abiding divine in ourselves, of which the hurry and bustle of life so seldom allow us to be conscious—a spiritual rejuvenation that makes the stirred beholder say with Holmes, "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

One of the most inspiring vistas of beautifully blended mountains and valleys fading away into a lofty, far horizon upflung to the sun—an amazing prospect of grandeur—every visitor to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park can see at the Newfound Gap parking place on top of the Smokies. For this high elevation of 5,045 feet is reached over the Newfound Gap, or "Over-the-Smokies" Highway, a hard-surfaced, easy-grade road that can be traveled by any modern car in high gear. Although, until recently, only the hardest hikers or horsemen could have the rare privilege of viewing the astonishing magnificence and beauty of the superlative elevations that spread out from the feet of Old Smoky.

Newfound Gap is used as a central parking place by travelers approaching from either the Tennessee or the North Carolina side of the Smokies. Daily, regardless

of season, cars from many states pause on this pleasingly landscaped crest while their occupants gaze at the distant skyline silhouetted with high peaks, or scan the nearer ridges serrated with virgin spruce and balsam.

The superior panorama from the Gap is obtained by looking into North Carolina down the Oconaluftee River Gorge over Thomas Ridge to the Snowbird Mountains, with the superb Balsams, near Franklin, North Carolina, forming the Southern Skyline. The Balsams are the longest of the cross ridges in the Southern Appalachians and extend from Tricorner Knob in the Smokies to Mount Toxaway on the Blue Ridge, a distance of forty miles.

Looking north, from the Tennessee side of Newfound Gap, a view is to be had of Mount LeConte. From the North Carolina side, looking west, Clingmans Dome may be seen. A scenic motor road 7.6 miles long, the Skyway, highest public highway in eastern America, terminates on the south slope, within one-half mile of the summit of this 6,642-foot peak. The tourists who wish to see an even grander panorama of vast mountain scenery than that visible at the Newfound Gap Parkway, will not fail to follow the "Skyway" from Newfound Gap to Clingmans Dome.

This scenic motorway to the master peak of the Smokies starts westward along the Tennessee side of the crest. In a few places fair vistas of rolling lesser hills and ridges in this state can be seen. But the highway soon swings across to the North Carolina side and passes around the south shoulder of Mount Mingus, a Tennessee peak. One and four-tenths miles from Newfound Gap the road touches the state line again at

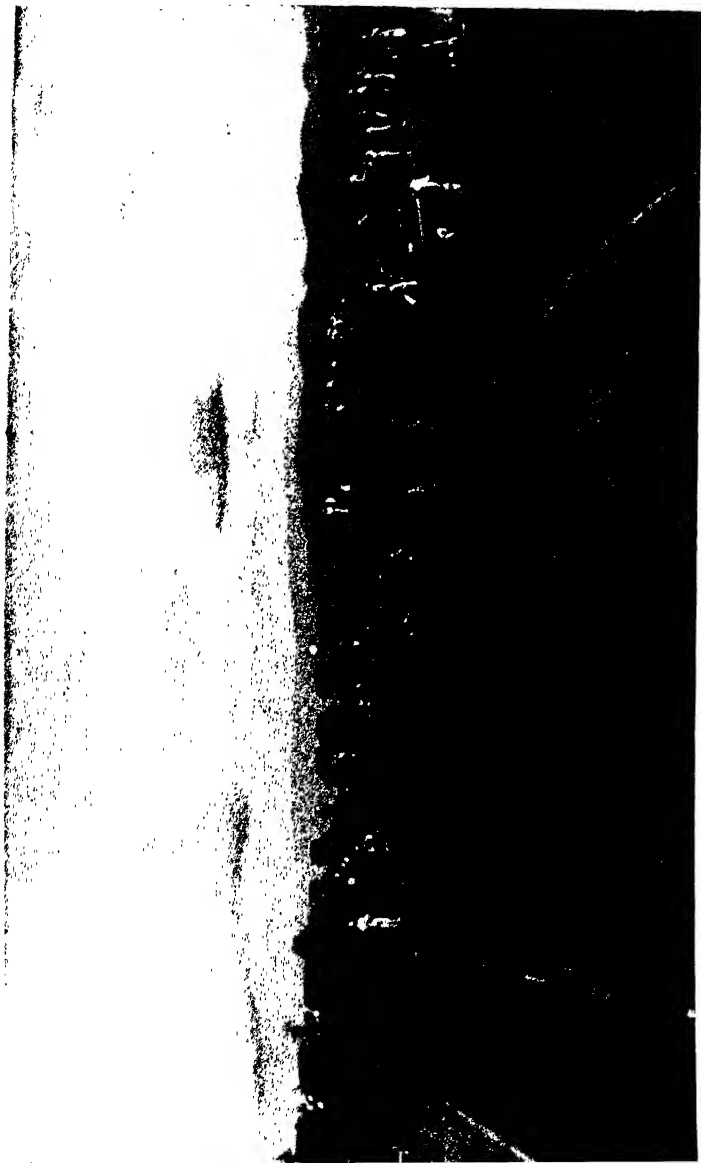
Indian Gap. Here, in a grassy open spot, cars can park, and an interesting view may be had down Thomas Ridge to Newton Bald in North Carolina; and down Road Prong toward the Chimney Tops in Tennessee. Also, at this point, the Skyway crosses the narrow, rutty Indian Gap road which the Indians used and the first settlers traveled when going over the mountains into Tennessee.

The road beyond Indian Gap wavers between Tennessee and North Carolina, but at Collins Gap it again runs along the state line for a short distance. The name "Collins" honors the first white settler in the Oconaluftee Valley, Robert Collins, mentioned in a previous chapter.

When the tourist reaches the parkway at Clingmans Dome, he has traveled over the highest and most varied scenic route in the Smokies. (This road may later be extended, approximately along the state line, to Deals Gap at the southwestern end of the park—a distance of forty-four miles from Newfound Gap.)

Major J. Ross Eakin, Superintendent of the Park, said when the Skyway to Clingmans was completed in 1935, "This is not a road for motorists to get from one place to another. It was built to display the beauty and grandeur of the region through which it passes."

To get, then, the most out of this especially scenic short trip, it should be accomplished leisurely, as Major Eakin suggested, for the details are too wonderful to miss. The route is lined with rhododendron, laurel, and tangles of leucothoe. The road climbs gently through virgin north-woods forests carpeted with ferns, flowers, and mosses. At intervals it affords far-reaching views, first in Tennessee and then in North Carolina.



Photograph by Carlos C. Campbell

Parkway at the end of the Skyway, near the summit of 6642-foot **Clingmans Dome**, highest point reached by a paved road in eastern America. The view extends for a distance of fifty miles in some directions.



Photographs, except upper left, by Carlos C. Campbell

Scenery that may be enjoyed from car windows: *Upper Left:* Lovely Cades Cove, with CCC Camp in foreground. Gregory Bald, in the background. *Left Center:* Newfound Gap Highway showing the Chimney Tops and the base of LeConte. *Lower Left:* The Skyway wrapped in hoar frost and snow. Park roads, however, are soon cleared of snow. *Upper Right:* Loop-Over Bridge on Newfound Gap Highway. *Lower Right:* Indian Head Cliff in Little River Gorge.

The panoramic possibilities vary, however, with the mists and clouds, and are modified by the shifting lights and shadows; while the details of plants and other wild-life aspects change with the seasons. This is why, regardless of the number of times the Skyway trip is taken, it affords different interesting features and new delights.

Motorists must not be too disappointed if sometimes the landscape becomes uncertain in billowing clouds, and the valleys and ridges into which they look from the Skyway are like steaming cauldrons of moving, shifting mists; and if fog hangs on the trees like a torn gray veil, for the Smokies are part of a region that boasts the highest precipitation of any place in the United States except on the Pacific Coast. And the high peaks along the state line are the centering points of all the fogs and mists of the terrain below, for leagues around. Being the highest peak, Clingmans Dome is the great cloud-compeller of the whole mountain region, although Guyot, Chapman, LeConte, Gregory, Mingus, and the host of other peaks are no laggards at cloud gathering. A rain gauge on Clingmans registered 88.28 inches of rainfall in 1937, with precipitation of over one-hundredths of an inch on 203 days, almost thirty-six inches more than fell in such near-by cities as Gatlinburg and Knoxville—no fear of dust storms here.

It is the abundant moisture that accounts for the density of the vegetation and the wisps of tropical-like lichens that cling to the trees on the higher peaks. While showers are frequent, they seldom last long, and keep the air pure, cool, and free from unpleasant humidity.

On these tree-clad heights the clouds assemble before

dispersing on their fructifying, rain-cooling mission in the lower ridges and valleys; lingering, meantime, if not to rain, to disport themselves in unsurpassed beauty of cloud effects—in mists sweeping across summits and veiling distant peaks in weird, and singular patterns; in swift-climbing clouds moving up the ridges shooting zigzag darts, and shaking rumbling castanets, before transforming, with magic rapidity, at times, into a near storm of torrential rain, thick darkness, and thunder and lightning of awe-inspiring sublimity and grandeur.

On these cloud-capped summits thunder boomed a salute to the first President who ever journeyed to the Smokies, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who followed the Skyway to Clingmans Dome in the fall of 1936. It was an important occasion for the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and nature put on a display that the Chief Executive will probably long remember. His trip, which was shared by a number of Congressmen from Tennessee and North Carolina, gave definite impetus to the subsequent passage of a bill to complete the park.

The President motored from Knoxville over the Smokies to Asheville on his way to Charlotte, North Carolina, to deliver an address. As the motorcade of twenty-eight cars turned up Newfound Gap Highway at the "Forks," a short distance from Gatlinburg, Tennessee, the brilliant sunshine that had brightened the 42-mile trip from Knoxville failed, and billowing clouds chased over the face of the Sugarland Mountains on the right, and the outlying ridges of LeConte on the left.

The valley grew darker as the party ascended. The Chimney Tops, a unique formation, not unlike cathedral spires, in the Sugarlands, were barely visible. The

wooded hills flanking the narrowing valley of the West Prong of Little Pigeon River seemed steeper in the deepening shadows.

One of the distinctive trees decorating the roadside caught the President's eye.

"What kind of tree is that?" he asked.

"A buckeye I think," answered Arno B. Cammerer, Director of National Park Service.

"Sometimes it's called a horsechestnut," Major Eakin, Superintendent of the Park, added.

As the President's motor caravan turned right onto the Skyway at Newfound Gap, gray mists scudded about the towering state-line peaks; and cloud masses rolled in the valleys skirting the scenic route, obstructing the view, and subduing the colors of the landscape.

The distinguished company had little more than reached Clingman's parkway when that colossus doffed its cloud cap with a mighty sweeping sound, drenching the whole face of the mountain, and several of the more than a hundred notables making up the President's official party.

Illustrious congressmen and park officials, the governors of the twin-park states, mayors of near-by cities, and other dignitaries ran for cover to their automobiles, or crouched under trucks. The President ate his picnic lunch of caviar and cheese sandwiches, fried chicken, crab salad, and the numerous other delicacies prepared for the occasion, seated under the brown canopy of a White House touring car, while lightning split the overflowing clouds and thunder rolled from peak to peak.

President Roosevelt showed his optimistic spirit and

his familiarity with mountain thunderstorms when someone expressed regret as to the weather. He peered into the great masses of clouds filling the foreground in North Carolina and said:

"Oh, I don't mind the storm; when it passes the view will be more beautiful by contrast."

As if in generous response to the President's fine forbearance, the visitors had hardly finished eating when the darker clouds lifted and the storm ceased. The gray mists that surrounded the parkway shifted and parted with surprising rapidity, and clouds floated both above and below the delighted company. Distant ridges raised their heads, while the more remote peaks were bathed in sunlight. In the shifting scene the tops of mountains emerged like blue islands from the billowing mists below, each outlined in different colors and shadows which made the panorama that spreads out for a distance of forty miles in some directions especially grand and beautiful.

"It's a marvelous region," the President said when, after an hour's pause, they descended into Oconaluftee Valley in a flood of sunlight, balmy air, and after-rain fragrance.

The motorist who, like the President, encounters mists on the Skyway should not be disappointed for, in a short time, he too is almost sure to get a superior panoramic view with spectacular cloud effects; and there is something awe-inspiring in the rapid transitions which occur.

One sweep of the wind can blanket the mountains in a barrage of mists. Swiftly sailing, they billow up from the cloud ocean below, grow thicker and wetter, and

great drops of rain begin to fall. But often before all the windows of the car can be rolled up the freshet has passed, leaving the rain area glistening in the renewed sunlight. Clouds may be still climbing the ridges, but the sky will be a clear, cobalt blue. Hikers get a lot of thrills, and sometimes drenchings, from these sudden rain flurries. They recount with much merriment tales of scrambling under overhanging rocks, or of making wild dashes for the thick green roofs of the denser forests, to wait for the downpour to pass to another ridge, which it will do presently, with the same noisy pattering that warned of its approach marking its departure, and echoing in the stillness like fairy feet dancing on the hill.

Frequently when one is riding along in the sunshine on the Skyway, a heavy shower can be seen raging in the valley. It is startling, to say the least, to see lightning below you. When viewed from a distance it is surprising how small the area of such a storm is, but to one in the midst of it the whole heavens seem overcast—just as the black despair of a moment can make life's whole expanse seem dark, but someone outside the cloud of despondency can see how small it really is.

However, let us not linger too long in the rain on the Skyway. Especially since it is quite likely to be sunshine, or any number of other weather conditions, that the motorist will encounter here.

Instead of the clamorous thunderstorm and fanciful cloud effects which welcomed the President, snow vistas along the Skyway and flowers in the coves greeted Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt when she came on April 11, 1937, for a few days' visit in the Smokies. Spring's foot

slipped immediately prior to the First Lady's arrival, and the usual balmy air of April turned to chill winds and scudding snow clouds that painted a scenic wonderland of white peaks and ice-encrusted shrubs above mountainsides contrastingly bluer.

In an "off the record" jaunt to the Smokies for relaxation and complete change of scene, Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Miss Lorena Hickok, drove down from Washington. With the First Lady at the wheel, they arrived in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, at 6 P.M., after a continuous 350-mile drive from Natural Bridge, Virginia, where they had spent the night. If she had bargained for two seasons at the price of one, Mrs. Roosevelt's visit could not have been better timed. Hoarfrost and snow joined hands with spring wildflowers in a gorgeous two-season pageant. On the peaks snow glistened, and in the valleys phacelia, trillium, dwarf-crested iris, violets, and columbine bloomed gaily, to celebrate the first visit of a First Lady to this Land of High Horizons.

The far-famed traveler spent two nights at Andy Huff's picturesque Mountain View Hotel which, in her daily syndicated column, "My Day," she characterized as "enchanted" with its paneled rooms and locally made handicraft furniture and curtains.

She gave the entire next day after her arrival to seeing a bit of the wonders of the Tennessee side of the Smokies.

Starting a little after nine, Mrs. Roosevelt rode down rugged Little River Gorge in an open car, with Cades Cove as her ultimate destination—Arno B. Cammerer, Director of National Park Service, had suggested this

trip to her. Three cars were in her motorcade. A park ranger, Harold Edwards, rode ahead in a fire truck to clear the road. Next came Mrs. Roosevelt in an open-top Mountain View Hotel bus; Miss Hickok was in the third car.

The profusion of redbud in bloom on the slopes of the gorge aroused the First Lady's special admiration. A stop was made at the Sinks Bridge where Little River makes a spectacular drop. Mrs. Roosevelt walked round above the cascade and exclaimed, "It's wonderful."

Rugged bluffs, steeply wooded, rising abruptly from the road, combine with the sudden shifts and vagaries of swift-flowing Little River to make the drive down its ravine a delightful motoring experience. One of the spectacular bits of bold scenery is a huge piece of natural statuary—a great overhanging rock-cliff face that gazes fixedly at the high horizons which rise abruptly about it. The decidedly Indian profile grows clearer the nearer one approaches, yet retains its grand, gloomy aspect. Is it a nature-carved monument to the vanished race that once wandered here, and hence is doomed to meditate in profound sorrow upon the woes that befell the Cherokee?

After leaving the gorge, the trip over Rich Mountain provided the distinguished tourist with some remarkable views of extensive steep ridges, and narrow valleys, before Cades Cove which is completely imbedded in the mountains was reached. The dominating horizon of the cove is made up of the somewhat subdued peaks of the southwestern end of the state divide—Thunderhead, Spence Field, and Gregory

Bald being a few of the most interesting. The high fertile valley is drained by Abrams Creek, on which is Abrams Falls, the widest though not the highest falls in the park.

The cars of Mrs. Roosevelt's motorcade were parked at the home of Willie Myers in the west end of the Cove, and the visitors walked up Ekaneetlee Branch Trail for about two miles, to where the huge virgin poplars grow in abundance. The trail crosses and recrosses the lovely little stream and leads to Ekaneetlee Gap, and Gregory Bald. This is an old Indian trail—"Ekaneetlee" in Cherokee means "old spicewood."

Mrs. Roosevelt was the guest in the mountain cabin of Mr. and Mrs. Myers for lunch. Although spoken of now as "Myers' Lodge" it is really just the mountain home of the Myers. It is so spotlessly clean that Mrs. Roosevelt spoke especially of this characteristic in her daily newspaper column, and also described the delicious food served—air-cured ham, beans, cauliflower, biscuits, corn bread, mountain honey, cottage cheese, cocoanut cream pie, and coffee.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was a guest at Myers' Lodge in 1934. His praise of the immaculate cabin and of the delicious food equalled that of Mrs. Roosevelt. Mr. Myers is a descendant of one of the fine pioneer families in the Smokies.

Anyone wishing to stay at the Lodge must make reservation in advance, as the accommodations are limited.

Mrs. Roosevelt's return trip was made by way of the beautiful Laurel Creek section, which at present is not open for general motor travel because the road is so

narrow. Part of it is an old logging road that has been improved by the work of CCC boys, but it still follows up the bed of the creek in places, as did many of the pioneer roads in the Smokies. Wild life is abundant here, both plant and animal. The new road to Cades Cove will follow the Laurel Creek route and will be one of the most picturesque in the Smokies.

Shadows were deepening in Little River Gorge as the First Lady returned to Gatlinburg after a day in the mountains "without pomp and circumstance," as she had requested.

The Newfound Gap-Skyline scenic tour, Mrs. Roosevelt reserved to take on her homeward drive, since her return was to be made through North Carolina.

Exhilarated and refreshed by days of leisurely driving and hiking through the friendly woods and flower-starred coves of the Smokies, the scene of near mid-winter splendor which she found on the crest of the Smokies was a dramatic climax of contrast and indicates something of the variety to be met with in this region of varying altitudes which range from 1,300 feet to 6,642 feet.

The second week in April, in 1938, I made the drive to Newfound Gap, and over the Skyway, during a spring-winter revel similar to the one staged by the Smokies for the First Lady's visit. It is the rule here rather than the exception for winter to blow back on a frosty breath about the time spring sticks out a tentative foot, and the March, April, and early May visitors to the park are almost sure to see peaks sharply outlined in frosty coats, while on the lower slopes and in the coves flowers and shrubs bloom in gay profusion. It is

a uniquely pleasant experience to ride along where lovely flowers and trees are blooming by the roadside, and look into high horizons that are glistening with ice-glazed snow and downy hoarfrost—a scene that one expects only in Alpine regions.

On the day of which I speak we were not by ourselves watching winter and spring vie for honors; we counted cars from twenty-six different states on the road between Gatlinburg and Clingmans Dome.

As our car turned into the narrow valley of the West Prong of the Little Pigeon River, the deep blue of the mountainsides in the distance made a pleasing contrast with the white snow on their peaks. Purple phlox and dwarf-crested iris blooming above the thin snow at the roadside achieved the same color effect in a smaller way.

The dainty white flowers of the silverbell and service trees, blooming below 3,000 feet, shimmered in brave competition with the lumpy masses of snow-flowers that decked the evergreens higher up, while in the moist glades fairy-like gardens of trillium and phacelia made the woods beautiful.

Presently, as we proceeded, the lofty west end of LeConte, Balsam Point, raised its head expectantly to the left of the highway with icicles in its hair and a wisp of fog at its throat, as though robed in festive dress for the spring-winter carnival.

In the Sugarlands, the jagged, narrow peaks of the Chimney Tops loomed interestingly before us. From the top of the "loop-over" they looked like highway sentinels, as they stood out near and sharp in their white jackets, and juggled a cloud on their twin peaks.

The "loop-over" is an unusual engineering feat that adds interest to the Over-the-Smokies drive at any time.

With the Chimney Tops near by, and beautiful scenery on every hand, the highway seems loath to pass on. So, after going under a bridge, the road makes a wide sweeping curve, and passes over it, crossing itself in what is called the "loop-over"—a rare and seldom possible construction, road-builders say.

Two tunnels and several artistic bridges, and superior retaining walls constructed of native quartzite and sandstones are other unusual road features to be seen on the remarkable Over-the-Smokies Highway.

Those interested in the beautiful in stone will want to stop to see some of the unique details, such as the huge arch-supporting stones that were hewed in one piece in the quarry. Stone masons, with the inherited skill of the ages, were imported from Italy to build some of these extraordinary bridges, arches and retaining walls—said to be the most beautiful and durable on any public highway in America. Much of the best work, however, was done by CCC boys.

The tunnels are built on curves to permit passage through projecting cliffs. On that morning in April icicles a yard long hung from the entrances to the tunnels. And at Newfound Gap a near-winter scene of hoarfrost and snow awaited us.

The view over Thomas Ridge to the distant Snowbirds resembled a rolling sea of winter white as remote and still as a frozen ocean. When we turned onto the Skyway the higher cliffs looked like great ice-stilled waterfalls.

Pictures of the hoarfrost covered trees in Collins

Gap were made by Joseph Baylor Roberts, photographer for the *National Geographic Magazine*, who was a member of our party.

The evergreens along the highway were white-en-crusted Christmas trees. Each limb of every tree, as well as every tiny twig, wore a stiff lace-like trimming of frozen fog on the northwest, or windward, side. The rigid crystals were from one-half to three inches in width and bore a striking resemblance to starched old-fashioned handmade lace, in an openwork insertion design. For next to the limb the snow trimming was loosely formed in open patterns, while the outer edge was compactly knit and slightly scalloped. This snow lace was so solidly frozen that it was almost impossible to shake it from the trees.

Imagine miles and miles of such gorgeously ornamented, sparkling evergreens! While the *National Geographic* photographer was taking pictures of the frozen forests, tourists from half a dozen states stopped to examine the hoarfrost phenomenon at closer range. Edgar C. Brown, of the Naval training station at Norfolk, Virginia, said he had been all over the world, and in every national park in the United States, and that he had never seen anything more beautiful. He expressed the opinion that the scenery in the Great Smoky Mountains is grander than any which people cross oceans and continents to see. The cobalt blue sky, golden yellow sunshine, the abundance of flowers, and balmy air of the lower slopes reminded him of California, he said, while the massive snow-covered mountain peaks recalled scenes in the Alps.

From the parkway at Clingmans the view westward

of the state line peaks in their austere coats of white was especially Rocky-Mountain-like.

We left the car at the parkway and walked the half mile to the summit of Clingmans, over a frozen but easy trail, through spruce and balsam encrusted with frost and snow. From the rustic observation tower on the dome we had the most gorgeous and far-reaching view of all, which included in its circumference both North Carolina and Tennessee.

The panorama extended across from ridge to ridge, and peak to peak, to where, far off, the Cowees, Snow-birds, and Balsams loomed in North Carolina, their snowy crests flashing and sparkling and melting before the eyes into the dazzling blue of the clear sky like magic mountains shrouded in the hoar mists of antiquity; while nearer at hand the high peaks in the park stood out in their white hoods ruggedly beautiful.

It was cold on the tower and in the shade, but the sun was bright and warm. The wind sang over our heads and the green branches of the evergreens so plentiful on the summit of Clingmans gave a semblance of summer, and the air was delicious—yes, delicious is the word for it.

Although the near-winter scenes on the Skyway in the spring are indescribably alluring, they are distinctly different, and far richer, when an ermine blanket several feet in thickness covers this area during part of the winter months.

To me the Smokies are never so mysterious and remote, so peaceful and so grand, as they are with every cliff rounded in white. There is something opulent and profuse about the heavy snows of winter which fall

occasionally—not often enough for them to become monotonous. They soften the details of peaks rising from glistening mountain folds, while, paradoxically, emphasizing their bold contours and increasing their silence and mystery. It is then that the personality of the Smokies changes so completely it is almost impossible to imagine it—instead of being “impatiently alive as they are in spring; fecund and lush as in summer; or wantonly flaming as in autumn”; they are austere, virginal, and remote; and therefore increasingly lofty and unfathomable.

The charm of the winter scenes in the Smokies is not generally known, but the steady increase of winter visitors indicates that the season is coming into its own. While skiing is not possible in these mountains, hikers like the spills, thrills, and chills, as well as the Alpine scenery which a trek in the snow affords. It is not surprising that the number of winter hikers equals, or perhaps exceeds, those of the other seasons.

Deep snows are in no way hazardous to motorists. The Park Service clears all highways at once, enabling cars to travel in a few hours after the heaviest snow. On Saint Patrick's day in 1936, a six-foot snow fell and within twenty-four hours the Newfound Gap Highway was in use by hundreds of motorists enjoying the brooding silence of winter-subdued peaks.

Although we have toured leisurely at different seasons over the Newfound Gap Highway, and have let our motor idle on the Skyway, this does not mean that there are no other interesting roads for motorists to follow in, or near, the Smokies. Fifty-six miles of good highways, and twenty-six of secondary roads are found

in the park, all built so as to make it possible for motorists to get the most out of the area from car windows. In view of the fact that National Park Service estimates show that the great majority of visitors to parks do not care to do anything more strenuous than to ride through them enjoying their natural beauty and grandeur, some two hundred more miles of scenic roads are to be built in the Smokies.

Maps and logs of scenic loop trips from Knoxville and Gatlinburg, Tennessee, and from Asheville and Bryson City, North Carolina, are available in the park and adjacent cities and towns. Tourist accommodations can be had in valley towns west to Knoxville, and east to Asheville. Also at Buckhorn Inn on the edge of the park in the Greenbrier section. In the park, they may be had at Wonderland Club, near Elkmont, and at Myers' Lodge in Cades Cove. Motor camping is permitted at designated roadside campsites.

Sight-seeing automobiles and busses for conducted tours leave Knoxville (nearest railroad center), Gatlinburg, and Asheville. An interesting trip to take is the 100-mile scenic loop trip beginning and ending at Knoxville, going either by Maryville or Sevierville—two historic old Tennessee towns near the park.

Natural beauty and grandeur are found throughout the region surrounding the Smokies in both Tennessee and North Carolina. Horace M. Albright, former director of National Park Service, said on the occasion of his first visit to Knoxville, "Why this whole country is a natural park."

A 209-mile circle tour of the southwestern half of the park is particularly satisfying because of its variety.

Using Gatlinburg as a base, this trip follows the Newfound Gap Highway to the Cherokee Indian Reservation, then circles the entire southwestern half of the park area, with wonderful views of its rugged beauty; goes through spectacular Nantahala Gorge, past vast Lake Santeelah, and returns through Maryville and Little River Gorge.

Another loop trip circles the northeastern half of the park, with entirely different, but almost as interesting features. Other trips go to Asheville, North Carolina, through world-famous scenery on the east, and sixty-five miles west to Norris Dam, and the noted government-planned town of Norris. Laura Thornborough, in her interesting book, *The Great Smoky Mountains*, has told many attractive details regarding these loop trips and many other trips that radiate from the park.

Shorter motor tours include Wears, Emerts, and Cades Coves, beautiful high-lying valleys that afford interesting scenes of mountain life.

Everything that is possible for nature to do for roads, she has done for those just mentioned. Lined with countless varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowers, they lead along beautiful streams with lovely waterfalls, through cool shadowed gorges, virgin forests, and fertile valleys. Some mountains are skirted while others are circled in an upward direction to reach the top, where far views of vast mist-blurred, high-rolling landscapes merging into the dimness of space fill one's spirit with a sense of the infinite and a zest for life without questioning its purpose.

Standing on the highest pitch of a mountain in the Blue Ridge, looking toward the apparently boundless

sea of great mountain ranges culminating in the Great Smokies, the early botanist, William Bartram, said, "I looked with rapture and astonishment at a sublimely awful scene of power and magnificence—a world of mountains piled upon mountains."

Referring again to these vast mountain spaces with their challengingly high horizons, the great naturalist wrote:

"It will be your own fault if you depart without being greatly benefited in body, mind, and spirit."

CHAPTER V

Afoot in the Smokies

TRAVEL afoot over some of the more than 550 miles of modern trails and, if a veteran hiker, the numerous untrailed ridges in the Smokies, if you want to really see their vast virgin forests, sharp pinnacles, and crystal-clear streams punctuated with lovely cascades, roaring falls, and foaming rapids.

Besides the new beauty to be seen, there is the fun of hiking, and the first-hand knowledge that can be gained in no other way. Only on the trails can one enjoy the intimate charm of these rugged mountains; see a few of the rarer of the some 200 species of birds; and have opportunities for personal observation of numerous uncommon specimens of the approximately 3,700 varieties of higher and lower forms of plant life. It is on the remote paths that glimpses may be had of the many furtive wild animals found here that are now nearly extinct in most other sections of our country.

Perhaps nothing excites the active interest, for various reasons, of so many persons—nature lovers, scientists, cameramen, and laymen in all walks of life—as the doings of the wild things of forest, field and stream.

While hiking in the Greenbrier section one day in early May, a group of us came upon that loveliest of wild orchids, the pink lady slipper, or moccasin flower. Though all of us were veteran hikers, none had hap-

pened to find this species on previous trail trips. Carlos C. Campbell of Knoxville, well-known Smoky Mountains hiker, saw the gorgeous pink bloom first and gave a shout of surprise. You can imagine the excitement. Exclaiming our admiration, we sank to our knees around the plant. Mr. Campbell's ten-year-old son who had wandered ahead on the trail came rushing back. Peering over our shoulders he said, "Ah, heck, you made such a noise I thought sure you'd found a little bear."

A good many people would have felt as disappointed as Jimmy Campbell did. For, "bears are without doubt the greatest single attraction in our parks," Horace M. Albright, former director of National Park Service, says in "Oh, Ranger," his colorful book on the history, lore, and traditions of our national parks. The question most frequently asked being, he says, "Oh, Ranger, where can I see a bear?"

Mr. Albright was writing of western parks, but questions about bears are also among those most often asked by tourists in the Smokies. For everyone knows that black bears are native to this region.

However, they were yearly becoming fewer during pre-park days, but with protection are beginning to be plentiful again. Bears multiply slowly and only now, after eight years without the sound of a gun in the Smokies, are they to be seen by motorists on the more traveled highways in the park.

During the summer of 1938 tourists were thrilled for the first time by the sight of bears ambling along the Newfound Gap road. Some were seen with one or two half-grown cubs. They had left the shelter of the

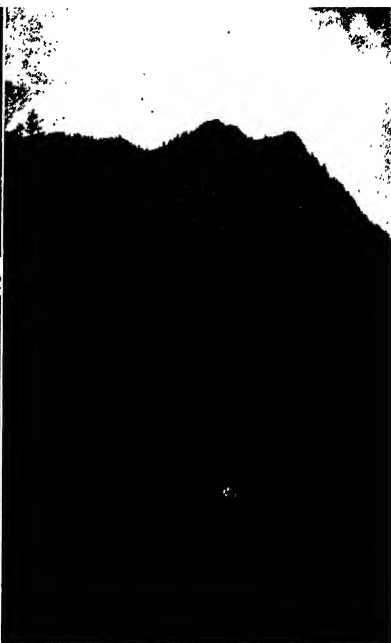
dense shrubs by the roadside to forage for choice bits of food left by picnickers. If anyone doubts the excited interest that people have in these clumsy creatures, he should see the crowds of delighted motorists stopping to watch them when they appear. The picture shown here of a mother bear and cub was taken in Collins Gap one Sunday afternoon, by Mr. Carl Colcord, of Montcoal, West Virginia. The bears were nonchalantly feeding along the highway while dozens of people "shot" them with cameras. If anyone approached too near though, the mother showed her long teeth threateningly, and blew a quick warning to the cub which immediately scurried into the bushes. On one occasion a man who attempted to feed them was bitten.

Park officials have repeatedly warned tourists not to feed the bears. And no feeding stations are to be provided for them. In this way they hope to prevent them from becoming too familiar, as is the case in some of the western parks. Visitors there, though anxious to see bears, are frequently annoyed by them. For instance, a tourist in Yosemite National Park left his car door open while he went into the postoffice to mail a letter. A huge bear climbed into the seat and accidentally sat on the horn. Terrified by the sudden noise, the big fellow reared straight up through the top, taking most of it with him as he made his escape.

Bears in the Smokies have also already demonstrated their disposition to be annoying. A party of tourists had hardly spread their lunch in a glen near Over-the-Smokies Highway when the mother bear and cub of the picture, attracted by the smell of food, stepped



Photographs: Left, by Carol Colcord; Right, Carlos C. Campbell
Bears are becoming a major attraction in the Park. *Left:* Mother bear and cub walking along the roadside in Collins Gap. *Right:* "Smoky."



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Included among favorite attractions for hikers are: *Upper Left:* Laurel Falls, only upper cascades of which are shown here. *Upper Right:* The Chimney Tops on Newfound Gap Highway. *Lower Left:* Appalachian Trail starting eastward from Newfound Gap. *Lower Right:* Deer are being seen more and more frequently on trails.

boldly from a near-by clump of bushes. The picnickers fled to their automobile while the omnivorous bears ate everything in sight. The greedy mother thrust her nose into a jar of relish where it stuck fast. Her frantic efforts to extricate it afforded the on-lookers much amusement despite their lunchless state.

Many stories are current in the Smokies of native bears captured when young that became intelligent and affectionate pets. The boys at the Conservation Camp at Elkmont, Tennessee, had one not so long ago that they called "Smoky." When he was only a few weeks old a woman in Cades Cove found him in her garden. Almost starved, he was too weak to run and she caught him easily. She gave him to the CCC boys to feed and care for. I saw him when he was about six months old. He was a glossy black friendly creature, weighing probably a hundred pounds. Thrusting his nose into my hand, he rubbed his head against me like an affectionate dog.

Smoky loved to play with children. I watched some boys wrestling with him one day. He rolled over and over in the greatest glee, hugging and biting them gently for all the world like a big puppy. One boy climbed a tree and Smoky scampered after him, making a great show of pulling and dragging him back to the ground.

Since bears in the Smokies are to be kept in their wild state, it might be well to say to the timid not to let fear of them mar their trail trips. For these bears are very shy when not spoiled by feeding. And we are assured that they are quite unlikely to molest anyone.

I am sure it was not a Smoky Mountains bear that the curious tourist went forth to find, but returned a short time later running at breakneck speed and shouting, "Get out of my way, I'm bringing him in alive."

As for rattlesnakes—another mountain bugaboo—there are a good many of them it is said. But thousands of people have hiked through the Smoky Mountains and no one has been reported bitten by a rattler in recent years, unless he was imprudently handling one. Veteran hikers say that rattlesnakes do not like thick undergrowth, but are found along roads, or on bare rocks, where they can be easily seen. Frequently on the highways, they are killed by automobiles. I have run over two with my car when I have been driving in the mountains; still, in all my hiking, I have never seen a rattlesnake on, or near, a trail. But others have, and there is always the thought, "I may see one," to add a little spice of danger. Who with a drop of pioneer blood in his veins wants his hikes too safe!

The park offers abundant forage and adequate protection for many, many native four-footed creatures that you are likely to see once you take a trail bordered by tall trees and tangles of shrubs and plants. For, with the exception of elk, buffalo, and beaver—long vanished from the Smokies—nearly all game and fur-bearing animals of Eastern America are still found here.

The reason that they are so seldom seen, as yet, is that there are comparatively few of each species, Mr. Willis King, park wild-life technician, says. Among the most interesting, besides the bear, are the deer, wildcats, and other species of cats, raccoons, opossums,

several kinds of squirrels, red and gray foxes, ground-hogs, shrews, minks, and weasels, to mention only a few. Experience in National Parks shows that few wild animals will attack people unless molested.

Hiking along, if you are alert, you may have the thrill of discovering a boomer (small red squirrel) scampering to the very top of a tall balsam, see the ambling retreat of a surprised groundhog, or glimpse some of the other furtive wild creatures.

One day when I was on the Cove Mountain trail a short distance beyond Laurel Falls, a beautiful ring-tailed raccoon, in upset confusion at my approach, rolled over and over down a slanting bank immediately above the trail, and popped into his hole at the base of a great rock almost at my elbow—one of the breathless moments of this particular hike.

The raccoon is a cousin of the bear and resembles it in many of its habits. The black mask across its eyes and its ringed tail are its most distinctive characteristics. 'Coon hunting was one of the favorite sports in rural and mountain sections a few years ago. It was considered more thrilling than "'possum" hunting, because a cornered "'coon" shows considerable fight, and will often rip open a dog's throat or stomach. Raccoons, like the bear, make affectionate pets, although usually more destructive than their cousin—stealing eggs and killing chickens being a favorite pastime, according to those who have tamed them.

Discovering a gang of chipmunks hopping frantically about on some fallen logs near the path was another interesting event on the Cove Mountain hike. I sat down to watch them to see what they were up to, but

after half an hour I decided that they were up to nothing whatever, despite their great busyness—activity without purpose, one seems to find it everywhere!

Seldom on any trip, except on the high Appalachian Trail, is the hiker far from the cheerful sound of brooks, creeks, or small rivers. For the Smokies abound in streams—600 miles of them—streams of many moods. Nearly every trail crosses and recrosses one, or several, and their songs enliven the hills; for seldom do mountain streams steal along in silence. Even the tiniest rivulets gurgle and laugh. Bordered with ferns, flowers, and mosses, they flow through the deep shadows of overhanging shrubs and trees, or sparkle in the sunlight, leaping and dancing and warbling. Sometimes the deeper waters run ice-green and foam-flecked over and around huge boulders, singing at a depth of pitch rivaling a basso profundo.

Only after heavy rains are streams in the Smokies dark or fulvous, and excessively turbulent. But always they are distractingly beautiful, whatever their mood, and that fascinating fish, the trout, loves them—the “rainbow” the lower waters, and the brook trout the ice-cold streams higher up.

Perhaps you are a fisherman-hiker who considers any hike fruitless if you have not fished. A few miles' hike in many different sections of the park will take you to remote waters where trout abound and, being less disturbed, are more readily caught. The lower, easily accessible streams which had been pretty well fished out before the park was established are rapidly being restocked with trout, and the suitable waters with bass.

I spent an exciting moment one day watching Dr.



Photograph by Carlos C. Campbell

Six-hundred miles of trout-laden streams in the Park afford anglers many opportunities to enjoy their sport. Karl E. Steinmetz, Knoxville's "dean of fishermen," trying his skill.



Above: Cloud-draped Mount LeConte, highest mountain above its base in the Smokies. *Below:* Andrews Bald—highest grassy bald in the Park—affords a wonderful panoramic view of the great peaks and ranges on the North Carolina side of the Park.

Sam Cowan of Nashville, Tennessee, land a small-mouth bass from the foaming deep waters at the foot of Sinks Falls on Little River. Mrs. Cowan and I were standing on a boulder in the river. In our jubilant excitement we almost fell in.

When anyone says, "Do you fish?" I am always tempted to say, "Yes, certainly," though I can't even put a rod together. But I like to watch people fish who can. It is fun to go along. One can see the trout darting in the clear, dashing streams, and it is a thrill, a slightly vicarious one perhaps, to watch someone else catch the subtle trout. Some fishermen will let a non-fisher go along, if he knows how to be quiet, and a slow fishing trip up the bed of a stream is a very special kind of hiking experience.

Good fishing makes friends for a national park. Realizing this, the National Park Service has adopted policies of restocking and protection in the Smokies that are creating a fisherman's paradise during the open season. Usually for trout, this is from May 16 through August 31.

Details concerning fishing regulations can be obtained from park headquarters at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, and at Bryson City, North Carolina. They are also posted on some of the streams, roads, and trails in the park.

While the streams and the plants and the animals contribute much to the variety and pleasure of hiking in the Smokies, there are other delights and marked benefits; less tangible perhaps, but equally, or even more, important for city-bound people with short-circuited nerves, a sense of smell dulled by the acrid

odor of hot asphalt, and a circulation grown sluggish by sedentary habits.

Walking in the exhilarating upland air sends the blood racing, dispels that foggy feeling, puts wings on the heels, and lines the blackest cloud with silver. The stench of cities is forgotten as one moves along savoring the various scents, fresh and fragrant, that mark the wood-ways—the perfume of moist earth, pines, concealed flowers, and a host of unrecognized odors as subtle as the rarest incense.

The serenity of the ancient hills, the murmuring trees, the absence of noise, hurry, and bustle act as curatives for rasped nerves.

“Mountains have a beauty and calm which should have a soothing effect on the most worried of little human souls,” Mrs. Roosevelt wrote in her daily newspaper column after spending a few days motoring and hiking in the Smokies.

The official trail system through the Smoky Mountains National Park has not been fully developed, but the more than 550 miles of trails available afford a remarkable variety of hikes. Each trail is definitely different and offers almost endless opportunities for new and interesting explorations. Their intriguing variety is one of the reasons why hiking is the principal sport in the Smokies.

Many trails lead to the higher peaks with their virgin north-woods forests, or unique balds. Others leading to knife-like ridges, offer the excitement of climbing over rocky cliffs and promontories—one of the most notable trails of this type being the one to the Chimney

Tops. Although a woman sixty years old and weighing 200 pounds hiked it on one occasion, don't try to climb the Chimneys unless you like to rough it.

Some trails follow the ridges with their frequent open views, while others lead by lower routes to virgin hardwood forests with their giant tulip poplars. One short trail of the latter type follows up Ekaneetlee Branch from Cades Cove.

Any one who has never seen a virgin forest in the Southern Appalachians should take one of these short hikes. Those who do will have an awesome experience. Think of walking in the deep, cool shadows of huge trees that were standing when Columbus went down to his three little ships. Many trails lead to these forests and their distinctive features make each and every one attractive.

The three types of trails found in the park are officially classed as A, B, and C. Maps and printed guides are easily obtained in the park, which makes it unnecessary to list the trails here—there are too many of them anyway. However, some general information about the trails as a whole may be of assistance, and details about a few will be sufficient to illustrate their great variety and beauty.

Class "A" trails have no more than a 15 per cent grade. They are four feet wide, and are cleared to a width of six feet—these are also the horseback trails.

Class "B" is an improved trail, though cruder. It is more narrow for one thing, as well as rougher, and is usually steeper. Being more natural, such trails are, as a rule, more thrilling.

The trails belonging to class "C" are just footpaths through wilderness areas. They provide the excitement of pioneer exploring, and delight the soul of the lover of undisturbed nature. However, mere tracts in the forest, and the untrailed ridges should not be attempted by the novice. These mountains look friendly enough but experienced woodmen and veteran hikers have been lost in them for hours, and sometimes for days.

Dismaying stories of people lost and wandering in the wilderness areas are told by J. D. Lawson—"Uncle Jimmie"—and other old-timers. Uncle Jimmie is the "Trader Horn" of the Smokies, remembering, with vivid details, happenings in the mountains sixty years ago, when he was a boy in Wear's Cove, and the Smokies were truly "back-of-beyond."

Uncle Jimmie told me of helping to find a sixteen-year-old boy who was lost in one of the "hells," or heath balds, that are so numerous in the Smokies—such balds are treeless tangles of laurel, rhododendron, and similar shrubs. These impenetrable thickets occur on knife-like ridges, or may occupy large areas on the upper slopes of mountains, but are not found to any great extent below 4,000 feet; probably caused originally by fires and blowdowns.

It was in such a region that the missing boy was hunted for several days, according to Uncle Jimmie. When they finally came upon him he was so frightened and confused that he ran in panic-stricken terror away from his rescuers.

Huggins' Hell in the Hazel Creek section of North

Carolina includes almost five hundred acres of tangled laurel and kindred shrubs. The region was named for Irving Huggins, a herdsman, who was lost there for almost a week and narrowly escaped with his life.

While herding cattle on Silers Bald, one of the unique mountain-top meadows, Huggins decided to cross to another ridge. To avoid the long distance around, he attempted to go through the laurel thickets covering the slopes between. His view being cut off by the dense shrubs that grow much higher than a man's head, he lost his sense of direction and became hopelessly confused. He eventually found a stream in the 500-acre tract, and by following it managed to reach, more dead than alive, a settler's cabin near the edge of the wilderness. (Alum Cave trail skirts a heath bald in Tennessee that is also called Huggins' Hell.)

Of course, Huggins was lost before the present good trails in the park were built, but there are still many thousands of acres of untrailed sections, and the impenetrable thickets are yet here to confuse one if the trail is deserted, or inadvertently missed.

Colonel David C. Chapman had a missed-trail experience which he tells with amusement, though it was not funny at the time, since it was he who, acting as guide, missed the trail and caused some distinguished national park officials to have to spend the night on the mountain heights, in the wind and rain, without food and shelter, and with only one match to make a fire—to say nothing of all the scare-headlines that appeared in morning papers over the country, telling the world

that Horace M. Albright, then director of National Park Service, and his assistant, Arno B. Cammerer, and some other members of their party were lost in the "wilds" of the Smoky Mountains.

The misadventure, or adventure, depending upon how one regards such happenings, was a stimulating experience; and one, Director Albright declared, that could be depended on to make him remember the "wild night-life" in the Smokies.

"The latter part of May, 1930, Director Albright and his assistant, Mr. Cammerer, came from Washington to inspect the then recently authorized Great Smoky Mountains National Park," Colonel Chapman told me:

"We had spent a week on the various trails in the park," he continued. "On Friday, May 23, we went to Tremont, Tennessee, on our last field trip. We left Tremont riding the incline of the Little River Lumber Company. When we came to the end of the incline we started on foot for the gap where I'd arranged for Willie Myers of Cades Cove to meet us with horses, so that we could ride to Briar Knob and Thunderhead, and then down to Cades Cove where we planned to spend the night at Myers' Lodge.

"When we arrived at the place I had specified, no horses were there. After waiting awhile we started walking, thinking we would meet them on the trail. In those days the trail along the divide to Thunderhead was indistinct. I asked Mynatt Tipton of the Little River Lumber Company to act as guide. He got lost in the heath balds that cover the north slopes in this section, and we had to back-track several times. But

we finally reached Thunderhead. Here we saw where the horses had tramped around while waiting for us, but they were gone.

"Surmising that Mr. Myers had become confused as to our meeting place, I asked Mynatt Tipton and E. J. Meeman, then editor of the *Knoxville News-Sentinel*, who had accompanied us that day, to go on and see if they could find the horses and send them back to us.

"Misfortunes followed rapidly thereafter. Dr. Roy Sexton of Washington, D. C., who had come with the park directors to see the Smokies, sprained his ankle and couldn't take another step. Dr. H. M. Jennison, of the Botany Department of the University of Tennessee, the other member of our party, volunteered to stay with Dr. Sexton while the rest of us went for aid.

"With me acting as guide, Albright, Cammerer, and I struck off down Bote Mountain. I had made very special arrangements about the horses and still hoped to find them on the trail somewhere. If we didn't, we'd have to walk to Cades Cove. As it turned out we didn't find the horses, and some way I missed the trail that turned off to the Cove. I don't know how I did it. When it was almost dark I realized I'd passed it. We turned around and started back. But in just a few minutes night came on in a pitch black way.

"We continued to back-track, stumbling along and striking matches every little while trying to find the path. But we gave up when Cammerer fell off the trail and pitched almost ten feet down the mountain, losing the only three matches we had left. There was nothing to do but sit down and wait for daylight.

"By eleven o'clock it was so cold we had to walk

around and slap our arms together to keep from freezing. Since Cammerer had lost our last matches, he thought it was up to him to try to find them. By searching carefully where he'd fallen, he found one precious match around midnight. Carefully planning our procedure, we managed to build a fire with it. Finally, being almost warm and feeling more cheerful, we fell into a light sleep. About three-thirty we woke up. It was raining and we were wet and cold; and I mean cold—almost freezing. There was nothing to do but walk and beat our arms some more. The darkness had lifted a little, however, and we knew it wouldn't be long until daylight.

"With the first streak of dawn we began looking for the trail. Just about the time Albright and Cammerer decided there wasn't any trail to the Cove, and never had been, and that I'd been lying all the time, we found it.

"We'd worried a lot about Dr. Sexton, and the rest of the party, but if they were still on the mountain we couldn't help them by going up there. Tired and footsore and hungry—we'd not had a bite to eat since noon the day before—we arrived in the Cove around ten o'clock.

"There we learned that Meeman and Tipton had not found the horses, and continuing down the mountain had reached the Cove a little after dark.

"Mr. Myers, not understanding that I'd said to meet us at the gap, had gone to Thunderhead and waited two hours for us. But seeing that we were not coming in time for him to get the horses off the mountain before night, he had been forced to leave. When Mee-

man and Tipton told him we were still on Thunderhead, he'd volunteered to go back on foot and take us food and blankets.

"We learned that Mr. Myers had spent the night in the mountains hunting for us, and near daybreak had come upon Dr. Sexton and Dr. Jennison huddled around a fire. After serving them breakfast, Mr. Myers had returned to the Cove for horses, since Dr. Sexton was still unable to walk.

"Mr. Albright and Mr. Cammerer insisted we hadn't been lost, since anyone who is lost must be found, and we had not been found, but had come in under our own direction.

"However," Colonel Chapman concluded when he told me the story, "we were as nearly lost as I want to be, and it's a good idea to watch sharply when one is following a more or less primitive trail."

There is another word of warning that park officials and veteran hikers give: "Don't attempt 'short-cuts.'"

A trail may seem long, but to try to shorten it is doubtful economy of time and effort, and is frequently hazardous, unless you are completely familiar with the Smokies; as, for instance, is Wiley Oakley of Gatlinburg—better known as the "roamin' man of the mountains."

Famous in East Tennessee and among visitors from afar as a Smoky Mountains guide, for a good many years before the park was established, Wiley says of the new trails: "They go the long way 'round, and it takes me too long to git anywheres. But the new trails ain't as hard and risky fur outside folks, I reckon."

After acting as a mountain guide for the major part

of sixty years, the soft-voiced mountaineer was given a trip to Cincinnati and Chicago by some of his wealthy northern friends. In Cincinnati he was a guest for six days at the Queen City Club, and had a colored chauffeur to drive him round to see the interesting places. As the guest of Mr. Henry W. Brown he was the honoree at a party of Cincinnati business men and of railroad executives from Washington. After this big dish of the outside world Wiley returned to his mountains, where he is Gatlinburg's most picturesque mountaineer.

As Wiley says, the new trails are longer. They were built that way mainly to reduce the grade. While Wiley may try a short-cut now and then, a party from Knoxville found it a hazardous undertaking, and a poor time saver.

In the spring of 1936 two men and two women were climbing LeConte by way of the Rainbow Falls Grade A, 7-mile trail. About three miles up they decided to take a short-cut. The men took the lead. As they climbed a rocky ledge a boulder slipped. "Look out!" they yelled to the girls below them, as the huge rock, nearly six feet long and almost as thick, hurtled downward.

One girl jumped but the rock grazed her hip and knocked her ten or fifteen feet down the mountain, where she lay bruised and stunned.

The other girl was lower on the trail. Just before the rock reached her it struck a projecting ledge and bounded over her head, miraculously saving her life. For she was standing directly in the path of the boulder and was too terrified to try to get out of its way.

One of the men in attempting to check the rock suffered a crushed foot. The other man, when he had made his companions as comfortable as he could, left to get aid, but in his excitement could not find his way back to the trail which they had so foolishly left. A cold drizzle set in and fog added to his difficulties. But after wandering around the mountain for nearly six hours, he finally, by sheer luck, came upon a trail crew of CCC boys who helped him get the injured down the mountain to their car parked at the "Orchard," the beginning of the trail.

It is easy to see that only when one follows the better trails is it safe to go alone, unless familiar with the region. But the good trails are numerous enough to satisfy any out-door enthusiast—far more than can be covered in several ordinary vacations.

Afoot on the trails in the Smokies, enveloped in the contagious serenity of mountain and forest, the hiker learns "nature's fresh philosophy and joy in simple things—trees, and flowers, and their gay blossoming."

We understand completely the mood which prompted Sidney Lanier to write of these high horizons:

"Here wave the ferns, and cling the mosses, and clamber the reckless vines. Here, one's soul may climb as upon Pisgah, and see one's land of peace, seeing Christ who made all these beautiful things."

CHAPTER VI

Hiking the Heights

THE subject of roads and trails in wilderness parks is always a controversial one. Some people want too many roads and trails; but, on the other hand, there are the ultra-conservationists who want no roads, and few, if any, trails. The ideal plan is to have some places accessible to all people, and some wilderness areas unspoiled by modern improvements and penetrated only by trails. This idea has guided the National Park Service when building roads and trails.

They have not criss-crossed the natural beauties of the Smokies with highways, but motorists can see from car windows fine examples of their main features.

Some of the motor trips possible in, and near, the park have already been described. Next to main motor roads, tourists "doing" the park have shown the greatest interest in the scenic short trails that lead from them.

Perhaps the three most luring trails for visitors who, no matter how hurried, are not content to take all of their nature from car windows, are: the half-mile trail from the end of the Skyway to the top of Clingmans Dome; the 1.3 miles each way, Laurel Falls Trail; and the 2.5 miles each way, Alum Cave Bluffs Trail.

The first, or the half-mile trail from the parkway at the end of the Skyway, through the fragrant virgin

balsams to the second highest summit in the East, has been hard-surfaced—nature-in-the-rough enthusiasts will probably froth at the mouth, but they must remember that this is of necessity a “high-heel” trail because it will be followed by countless tourists in all kinds of weather. If not hard-surfaced, mud would prevent many from making the trip and seeing the magnificent panorama visible from the observation tower which has been erected there. Old people, children, and even cripples will now be able to climb to the highest point in the Smokies over the surfaced trail—who would want it otherwise!

The second short hike mentioned, the one to beautiful Laurel Falls, is another favorite with tourists. Drive on Highway No. 73 to the top of the mountain between Gatlinburg and Elkmont. The trail starts at the north side of the highway a short distance from the Elkmont side. Being a grade “A” trail, it is smooth, easy to follow, and can be made in street clothes. It winds through young forests, is lined with ferns and flowers and many different kinds of shrubs, including laurel, rhododendron, and azalea. From points on the trail good views are to be had across intervening ridges and valleys to Meigs and Blanket Mountains, Miry and Sweet Ridges, and to the Sugarlands and LeConte.

On this same short trail spectacular rock cliffs are passed, streams are crossed on rock bridges, and there is an appalling but safe moment on a narrow, high rock ledge near the falls, and as a climax at the end—rugged Laurel Falls, the roar of which is heard several minutes before the upper cascade is visible. One of the unique features of the trip is that the trail, which continues on

to the top of Cove Mountain, goes between the upper and lower cascades of the approximately 60-foot falls. The stream is crossed on boulders and a short distance beyond the falls a splendid view can be had of the lower cascades and the wooded glen which this small, but steeply powerful, stream has cut.

If one follows the trail to the fire tower on Cove Mountain, the highest point on the northern boundary of the park is reached. High horizons are visible in all directions. The park skyline includes from Guyot on the northeast to Gregory on the southwest. In other directions, when the visibility is good, the panorama includes Wear's Cove, the Chilhowees, the Cumberland, and Clinch Ranges. En route to the top, the trail leads through the deep shadows of giant hemlock and poplar trees. If it is either spring or summer, graceful clusters of foliage, and draping vines, with flowers, mosses, and ferns in plummy profusion are on every side.

The Laurel Falls Trail deservedly enjoys national popularity. People from all sections of the country have followed it. Every day in the year cars from several states can be seen parked on Tennessee Highway No. 73 where the trail starts.

Mr. Howard Hill of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was one of the veteran Smoky Mountains hikers in pre-park days who followed the old primitive trail to the falls—stumbling over rocks, crawling over fallen logs, sloshing up streams, and climbing up and down over everything in the way of rocks and ruined vegetation that nature could devise. Mr. Hill recently went to the falls over the new grade "A" trail. After meeting some forty or fifty people en route, he said, "I never thought

I'd see the day when a traffic cop would be needed on the trail to Laurel Falls. Of course, I think it's grand that so many people can now go to this beautiful spot, but I liked the old trail; it was fun."

"There's nothing to hinder hardy hikers from taking the he-man trail any time," I said.

"That's right," he agreed, "but I doubt if many of us do it, however much we may boast about liking to rough it."

The Alum Cave Trail, the third one mentioned as among the beautiful trails easily accessible for motorists, leaves Tennessee Highway No. 71, or the Newfound Gap Highway, at Grass Patch, a parkway almost twelve miles from Gatlinburg, and at the junction of Alum Cave Creek, and Walker Camp Prong.

While the distance to Alum Cave is two and one-half miles, the nice part about following this trail is that any spot on it can serve as an objective point—a trail to follow for its own sake without thought of where it leads. Impetuous Alum Cave Creek with its rustic bridges and huge boulders and arches of cloistral greenness; the tangles of rhododendron that are unbelievably beautiful in June; the thick mosses, ferns, and leucothoe; the tall trees, the woodsy fragrance that envelopes the trail which zigzags among tall spruces in almost twilight obscurity, while the music of swiftly flowing water alone breaks the woodland stillness, make this the ideal trail to follow, especially if one has time for only a sample of the lovely woodways in the Smokies.

If the hiker continues on to Alum Cave Bluffs, he will have the thrill of climbing through Arch Rock on a crude ladder aided only by a dangling rope. The steep

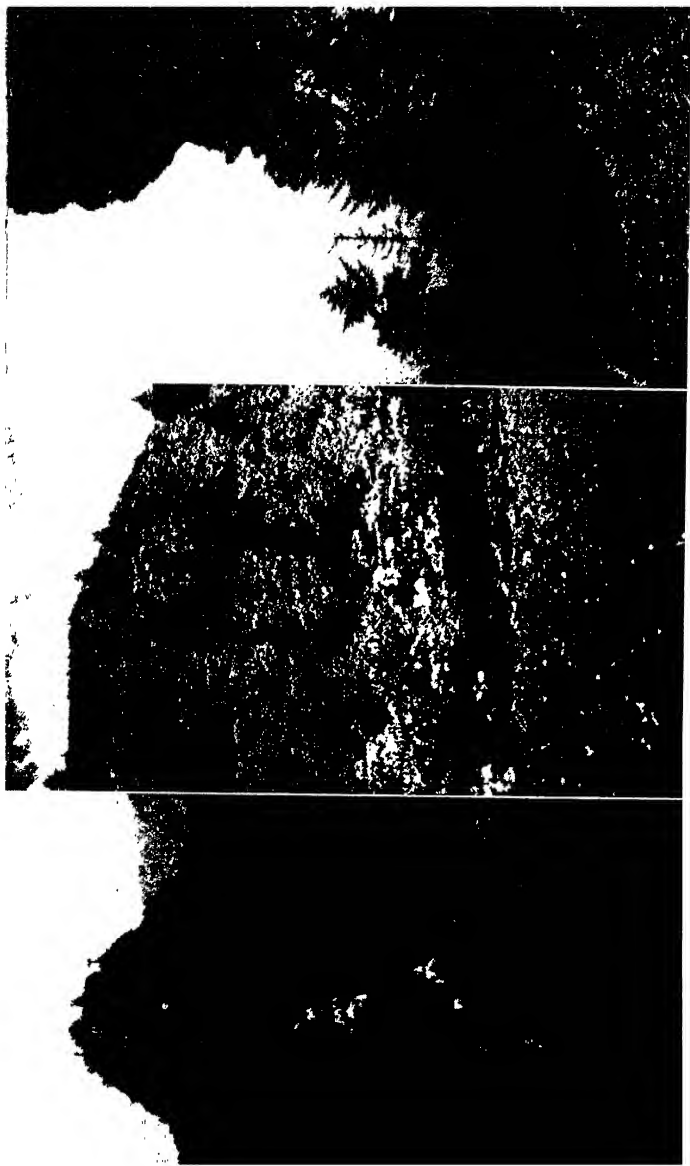
trail from there on is continually and pleasantly interrupted by picturesque half-glances of broken vistas of innumerable scenes above and below—a veritable chaos of cliffs, vales, peaks and gorges.

After the natural tunnel called Arch Rock is passed, the trail grows steeper, and the last stretch is up steep stone steps cut in the cliff. When Alum Cave is reached, it will be found not a cave at all, but an immense hollow in the mountains probably 400 feet in length, with a rocky roof more than a hundred feet high which extends outward like a spacious porch. It has served as a shelter for many hikers from the mountain storms that come so suddenly.

The main ingredients of the rocks forming the cliff are alum, copperas, saltpeter, magnesia, and epsom salts. A strong odor of sulphur is noticeable under the cliff, if the yellowish-white, acrid, dust-like sediment is stirred.

During the Civil War the saltpeter was used by the Confederacy in making gunpowder. It is said that one of the old Cherokee chiefs who resisted removal in 1838, Yonaguska, discovered it when he tracked a bear to it in his youth.

Almost as novel as the cave itself is the rugged scenery it overlooks. There are many views more far-reaching, but none that are more craggy and wild. Near by are deep gorges with sides rising to ragged, rocky summits. In the far distance the Chimney Tops, a rugged spur of the Sugarlands, looms in the foreground like a shattered tower of a huge cathedral, or a ruined castle. From certain points of view natural holes, like windows, can be seen opening through the narrow peaks, increasing their resemblance to turret spires.



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Infinite variety marks the hiking trails in the Park. *Left:* Hikers climbing the north peak of the Chimney Tops. (See page 88.) *Center:* Bluff Point—a heath bald or “laurel slick,” along the Alum Cave Bluff Trail to Mount LeConte, with masses of rhododendron in full bloom. *Right:* Rugged cliff along the Boulevard Trail to LeConte.



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Left: Sheer cliffs—above and below the trail—mark the spectacular Alum Cave Bluff Trail to LeConte. It is for hikers only. Right: The Bull Head Trail is a favorite with both hikers and horseback riders.

Many hikers turn back when they reach Alum Cave Bluff. But the ambitious tramper goes on, for the cave is nearly half way up the south side of LeConte. The views become more rugged as the trail, a graded foot-path for hikers only, ascends. A short distance up it overlooks Huggins' Hell, a wild, deep, trackless gorge filled with massed laurel, trees, and kindred shrubs.

Those who suffer from vertigo may have a few uncomfortable moments on narrow trails cut out of high rock ledges. Immense ridges rise on all sides and the hiker of faint heart may be struck with dismay at the wildness of the scenes as the trail plunges down precipitous hillsides, winds along dizzy verges, and mounts ascents so steep that steps have been cut into sheer rock on the final stretches. Yet the trail is described by nearly all who have followed it as "the most fascinating and thrilling in the Smokies," and no one who appreciates the rugged and the grand in mountain scenery will ever regret attempting it.

On the higher altitudes the balsam forests add fragrance and interest. On the lower stretches before Alum Cave Bluff is reached the rhododendron which banks the trail affords one of the most gorgeous spectacles to be seen in the mountains in spring. The flowers and shrubs which will be blooming on the trail will vary, of course, with the season. Near the top some of the rarer ones which I have seen include monkshood, bottle gentian, turtlehead, and grass-of-Parnassus, with its long-peduncled white flowers.

The time when any flower may be seen can be given only approximately, since, in the Smokies, there are always two floral calendars—the seasonal and the alti-

tudinal. A 5,800-foot difference in elevation in the Smokies could mean only one thing—a variable climate. At lower altitudes when spring is early it arrives in March, and summer comes in May, as was the case in 1938.

On the mountain tops there are really only two seasons according to scientists—eight months of winter temperatures and four months of spring, except perhaps in the middle of the day. Other factors also account for flowers blooming “out of season,” as we say—different species, and local conditions of soil, moisture, and exposure are some of them.

But always, even in winter, there is interesting vegetable wild life to awaken interest and stimulate admiration on the trails. No wonder, when there are approximately 1,500 varieties of higher plants, according to Dr. H. M. Jennison, of the University of Tennessee, who has been working with the National Park Service collecting and studying the shrubs, ferns, trees, and wild-flowers in the park.

The different species of fungi, Dr. L. R. Hesler of the University of Tennessee states, will probably reach 2,000 after further research. The Great Smokies are botanical frontiers and new species, some new to scientists, are still being discovered.

Since LeConte is the “tallest,” highest above its base, mountain in the East, more people aspire to reach its summit than any other in the park except Clingmans, and six recognized trails lead to the top—it might be well to digress here to discuss the kind of clothes to wear when taking long hikes in the mountains, because “what shall I wear?” is the most frequent question asked

when tourists, especially women, are planning long trail trips.

The answer depends somewhat on the season, of course, but there are some general suggestions that veteran hikers give which apply to all occasions. Generally speaking, the clothing worn when climbing should be light, with an extra wrap even in summer to use on top of the mountain. Shoes should be supremely comfortable and support the foot—heavy boots are not necessary on the better trails, and if worn at all should be “broken” and not heavy (I have seen many new-boot accoutered hikers, particularly women, limping along with blistered heels). Clothing of any comfortable and substantial type can be worn on all but the most primitive trails. Climbing LeConte one day in July, I saw women wearing trousers, slacks, shorts, riding breeches, and dresses—both plain and fancy.

Personally, I like cotton slacks for summer hiking, because, in addition to being light, cool, and comfortable, they afford protection for the lower limbs from briars, weeds, and insects—especially gnats and chiggers. *Trombicula Irritans*, popularly known as chigger, jigger, harvest mite, or redbug frequently bothers mountain hikers. The open season for them in the Smokies is June to October on the lower slopes—they are seldom found in the higher altitudes.

A bright yellowish orange red they are barely visible even to the keen-eyed, being only one-one-hundredth of an inch in size, according to Prof. Gordon Bentley, entomologist of the University of Tennessee. He further says that, contrary to popular belief, chiggers don't bore into the skin and die. Instead, they pierce the

pores, inject a bit of poison and, after feeding, drop off. The damage is done, however, as any hiker knows, who has experienced the attentions of Mr. Irritans. The first part of his scientific name probably means something too, but the last seems to me particularly apt.

There are precautions that the hiker can take against chiggers. Dusting the clothing with powdered sulphur is one, and a soapy bath before setting out is another; also, staying away from their choice haunts, old logs, weeds, and brambles, helps. Tobacco juice is recommended by the mountaineer to rub on chigger bites, and also salty bacon grease, or butter. Prof. Bentley's remedies are not so homely and include sulphur ointment, carbolized vaseline, ammonia, and an ounce of coal oil with a drop of carbolic acid, ouch! You probably know some more good ones, but the most universal and least popular with trail followers is scratching. Hikers might like to know that scientifically speaking chiggers don't care for them at all, but much prefer lower animals and insects, especially grasshoppers.

Any trail-tramper will tell you, however, that chiggers, gnats (there are no mosquitoes, since there is no standing water in the Smokies), briars, sudden rain, and an occasional snake are natural and primitive features which add zest to hiking.

Of the six recognized trails which lead to the top of LeConte, five of them are graded; while one, the Bear Pen Hollow trail, is a primitive type for hardy hikers only. It is only four miles one way, steep, and merely "brushed out." It leaves Newfound Gap Highway just above the lower tunnel. This trail is only for hikers

who know that fun is a relative thing and enjoyment an imaginary state of mind.

The Alum Cave trail already described is also exclusively for hiking, while the other four are combination foot and horseback trails.

Next to the Alum Cave trail the 7-mile Rainbow Falls route is my favorite for a number of reasons. Among them are its variety of views, abundance of plants and trees, the great lichen-covered boulders, gray as somber minds, the easy grade, which follows up beautiful LeConte Creek to Rainbow Falls, where the water tumbles 81 feet in a single drop over solid rock. The falls are banked with thickets of rhododendron and surrounded by virgin forests that produce a lovely twilight effect. In the dim shade mosses, ferns, and other delicate plants are abundant. The lovely scenery combined with the roar of the falls and the woody fragrance of the breezes make it a delightful place to rest before attempting the long hike to the top.

Bird and animal life is not very abundant on LeConte. I have seen a few boomers on the Alum Cave trail, and Carlos Campbell of the Smoky Mountains Conservation Association says some of these little squirrels stole cookies from his pack one day while he ate his lunch. But boomers are notoriously shy, and so he took a picture of the thief to verify his story. Other hikers have reported seeing bears, opossums, minks, and foxes on the trail. The absence of birds near the top produces an almost uncanny stillness.

As one continues on the gentle trail, knob after knob is climbed, and yet the summit seems as far away as

ever. Nevertheless, it finally becomes evident that one's labor is not in vain; the air grows more rare and finally Rocky Spur is reached, where a view can be had of the valleys and ridges below that stretch out like an azure scroll in the soft dimming haze of distance—an amazing panorama.

The trail then leads higher and higher, until it seems that it can go no farther without tunneling through the forest covered slope ahead. But suddenly walking becomes easier and the top is reached. Here the view is cut off by the trees except at such vantage spots as Cliff Top and Myrtle Point. In one direction a bird's-eye view of approximately 2,000 miles of mountain landscape can be seen—range after range receding before one's eyes. Curiously the mountains in the far distance seem higher, though lower, than LeConte.

Gaining a high mountain top, step by step, through one's own efforts gives a feeling of achievement that can be carried over into our daily lives. Watching the sunset or sunrise from such a hard-won crest is not alone a matter of bright colors, shifting mists, blue shadows, and rolling mountains; it involves an appreciation of beauty that lifts and possesses the spirit with a feeling deeper than that of passing delight—it arouses a sensation of awe and wonder that lasts long after, and sweetens drab moments with the satisfaction of lovely mind pictures.

When, as, and if, you decide to climb LeConte by one of the longer trails, it is wise to spend the night at the Lodge on top—"the smallest hotel in the world," managed by Jack Huff, a native mountain man, son of Andy Huff who has operated the Mountain View Hotel



Photograph by Carlos C. Campbell

A shy boomer (small red squirrel) on the Alum Cave Trail, stealing cookies from a hiker's pack.



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Top: Snow-wrapped LeConte Lodge atop Mount LeConte—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Huff. Bottom: Visitors to high points get many thrilling views of this "Land of High Horizons."

at Gatlinburg for many years. The Lodge can accommodate around thirty guests and is often full in summer. Mr. Huff estimates that between 5,000 and 10,000 visitors reach the top of LeConte each year.

That Jack Huff has a deep affection for this high peak where he started his Lodge in 1923 he showed when he carried his invalid mother to the top in an improvised chair, before the days of horseback trails on LeConte.

He also chose it for the scene of his wedding. He and his bride-to-be, Miss Pauline Whaling, of Chicago, a former teacher in the Pi Beta Phi Settlement School, hiked up the Bear Pen Hollow trail and were married in a picturesque sunrise ceremony on Myrtle Point, most noted spot in the mountains for marvelous sunrise pageants.

Whatever trail one takes to the summit of LeConte, it adds interest to return by one of the several other trails, and make the hike a loop-trip. For any of the routes have intriguing features not found on other trails. The Boulevard trail (8 miles one way), which starts at Newfound Gap, is popular with both hikers and horseback riders.

Some hikers like nature in all of her varying aspects without interest in the scientific side, while others prefer to hike with a purpose. For those who want to study the birds, flowers, ferns, trees, and other features, there will be ranger-naturalist service, and also "nature trails."

"Nature trails" are a recent development in parks that has grown out of an increased interest in nature, it is said, and also the fact that nature guide-service is nearly always limited. "Nature trails" have a series of

labels along them calling attention to things of special interest, and naming the trees, flowers, and shrubs. Dr. Stanley A. Cain, associate professor of botany at the University of Tennessee, calls them "self-help" or "cafeteria" trails.

The only one of this type developed as yet in the Smokies is the Greenbrier-Brushy Mountains Trail. A guide booklet has been prepared, and unobtrusive signposts with numbers refer the hiker to the proper section in it, where he can read about the interesting features of the landscape as seen from that point. The trail extends from the Smoky Mountains Hiking Club cabin in Greenbrier up the class "A" trail to Trillium Gap. Horace M. Albright suggested the name, Trillium Gap, when he saw the profusion of trillium on this trail. From the Gap one "nature trail" turns right to Brushy Mountain and its heath balds, while the left fork continues on two miles to Mount LeConte. These nature trails introduce visitors, who might not learn of them otherwise, to the unusual features encountered on the trail, and also initiate some of them into the fun of nature study.

Ranger-naturalists, or nature guides, will conduct field trips at set intervals and stated times in the near future in the Smoky Mountains Park, just as they do in western national parks. For, to properly appreciate scenery, one must have at least an elementary knowledge of its principal manifestations. Even if one visits the Smokies only for rest and relaxation an active mind is ever at work on its surroundings.

No glimpse, however brief, of the grand trails in the Smokies should omit the "master" trail running ap-

proximately 71 miles along the main crest. This stretch is one of the most magnificent sections of the 2,000-mile Appalachian Trail which starts at Mount Katahdin in Maine, and ends at Mount Oglethorpe in Georgia. This "master" trail offers scores of marvelous views of the park area in both of the states into which it looks, and hundreds of miles of side trails lead from it into them.

To Benton MacKaye of Shirley Center, Massachusetts, goes the credit for originating the idea of the Appalachian Trail. But for several years Myron H. Avery, director of the Appalachian Trail Conference, has been its moving spirit. His work as an admiralty attorney with the United States Maritime Commission in Washington permits him to visit sections of the trail at intervals. He is the only person known to have traveled all the trail on foot.

The "Conference" is made up of hiking clubs along the Appalachian Trail, such as the Smoky Mountains Hiking Club of Knoxville, and the Carolina Mountain Club of Asheville. These clubs, and a few individuals, care for and develop the trail. Its markers bear the monogram A-T; some of these can be seen along the Skyline drive to Clingmans Dome.

In England hiking is a part of nearly every out-door program and, happily, the call to the open is being answered by increasingly large numbers of people in America; due, for the most part, to the interest aroused for hiking as an outdoor sport by the hiking clubs scattered over the East from Maine to Georgia. These clubs owe their inception largely to the enthusiasm for the mountains of the originators of the Appalachian

Trail. The trail was not an end in itself, the idea behind the trail movement being to encourage out-of-door recreation in the contagious serenity of mountains and forests, where men and women can forget the cares and sounds of cities for a few days and regain a sense of tranquillity.

The popularity of the idea is evidenced by the thousands who have enrolled in hiking clubs—mostly city people who are in this way renewing their kinship with nature and the moods and mysteries of mountains in remote sections not yet invaded by man.

On the trail they remember again that the best things of life are free—colorful sunsets on mountains and hills, the stars, cloud-flecked skies, the song of birds, wind in the trees, and the laughter of running water.

This short sketch of trails in the Smokies is in no way adequate to the subject. Because I am less familiar with them, I have not mentioned any of the wonderful trails on the North Carolina side of the park. But a host of them, all varied and beautiful, radiate from towns on the eastern side of the Smokies. Nearly all points of interest on the state line divide can be reached by trails leading from the North Carolina side of the park. The old Deep Creek trail to Indian Gap is one of the most attractive. Much of it leads through the virgin hardwood forests for which Deep Creek is famous.

Mount Yonaguska, named for Chief Yonaguska, is a favorite goal for hikers. From Smokemont a secondary road leads up Bradley Fork and then up Chasteen Creek where cars are parked. The trail from there goes to Hughes Ridge and then down to Enloe Creek. The

rest of the trail includes Highland Ridge, Raven Fork, Three Fork, Middle Fork Ridge, Dasohga Ridge, Mount Hardison. Just above Three Forks, along Middle Fork Ridge, is some of the finest red spruce in the park. Mount Hardison was named for the late James A. Hardison, prominent business man of Wadesboro, North Carolina. He was a member of the North Carolina State Park Commission.

From Mount Yonaguska it is only a short distance to Tricorner Knob, Mount Guyot, and Mount Chapman on the main divide. Smokemont-Hughes Ridge trail, and the Taywa Creek trail offer much varied scenery. Thomas Ridge, Tuckee Gap, Burl Gap, and Cataloochee Creek trails are other favorites.

Cataloochee Ranch is located in the Cataloochee Creek section. It is popular with fishermen and sportsmen because of its opportunities for ranch life, camping, fishing, and other out-door activities. These are only a few of the many good trails leading to interesting places on the North Carolina side of the park. Each one, like the trails on the Tennessee side, is noted for distinctive natural features that are either unique, beautiful, amazing, or all three—a world of unspoiled nature, wild and delectable.

Even if you are just moderately athletic, don't fail to do some hiking on the heights. Get up early and start. It is then that you will see the mountains bathed in the subtle light of a new day, glimpse the more timid birds and animals, and smell the rich fragrance of dew-drenched flowers—too, there is something about getting up before everyone is out that smacks of adventure.

Dull sleep vanishes when one explores high horizons

where dusk and daylight meet—mayhap it will be given to you to lift the veil of blurring blue and get at the bottom of the glamorous Smokies' mystic lure.

You will want to know to whom we are indebted for this rare wilderness area in the heart of civilization.

CHAPTER VII

Building a Sylvan Museum

WITH the appropriation by Congress in the spring of 1938 of the final sum needed to conclude land purchases for the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, it was officially described as completed—a dozen years after Congress first authorized its establishment.

Why had it taken so long to accomplish the project?

The complete answer should include the dramatic series of events which led up to the movement for a national park in the East. They make a complicated story with too many angles to present here in detail; so only the most significant factors will be related. Merely those that are necessary for an understanding of the pioneer nature of the undertaking and the stupendous amount of unselfish work required for its success.

Altogether it is a fascinating story of an altruistic dream come true. One packed with individual and group visions, disinterested service, seemingly insuperable obstacles, and repeated disappointments before even partial success was achieved in 1926.

It was in that year that the Federal Government agreed to accept the Great Smoky Mountains area for park purposes, provided Tennessee and North Carolina could devise a plan for purchasing a minimum of 427,000 acres, and deed it in fee simple to the government.

To make even casual mention of the great number

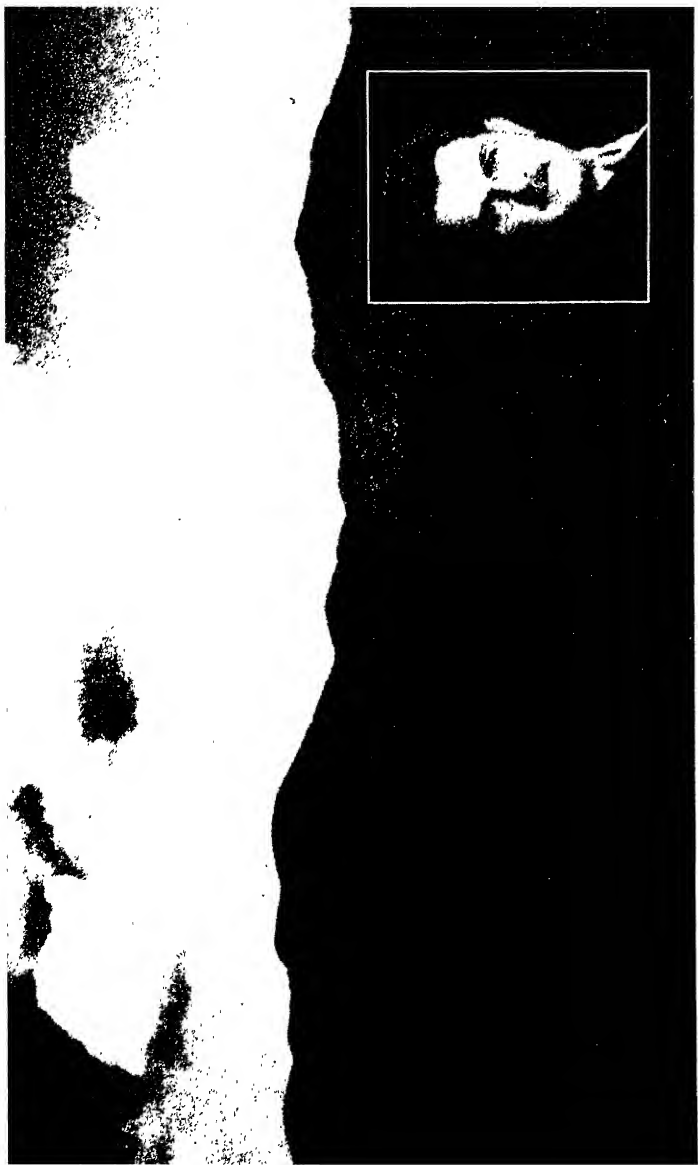
of individuals and organizations who endorsed the idea and worked for it would require a book twice as large as this one. However, reference will be made to a few of the most outstanding, and a brief account of their activities will be told, in order that we may not forget some of the public-spirited citizens of Tennessee and North Carolina, and a few individuals elsewhere, who saved for our own, and future generations, this bit of "forest primeval" near our largest metropolitan centers, where people may find that renewal of spiritual, mental, and physical energy so very necessary in this age of congested population, speed, and clamor, but so exceedingly hard to obtain because advancing civilization has destroyed most of our wild out-door places.

Without doubt the greatest measure of praise goes to Colonel David C. Chapman, of Knoxville, Tennessee. His unfaltering, dynamic leadership in the campaign to have the area set aside as a national park has caused him to be called the "father" of the park.

Colonel Chapman gave freely of his time, money, and energy over a period of twelve years, making trips to Washington, Asheville, Nashville, or anywhere that his influence was needed. When chairman of the Tennessee Park Commission, he often needed the ubiquitous ability of the fellow who jumped on his horse and rode off in all directions.

His outstanding work as chairman of the board and as president of the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association, and later as chairman of the Tennessee Park Commission, will be mentioned presently.

Tributes to his great zeal for the park movement have been paid Colonel Chapman by his state, and by



Scene by Carlos C. Campbell

This five miles of the main crest of "Big Smoky" overlooks the largest wilderness areas in the Park; the rounded peak at left is Mount Guyot; triple-peaked Mount Chapman carries an inset of Colonel David C. Chapman for whom it was named.

many people of national importance. Horace M. Albright, former director of National Park Service, said on the occasion of his first visit to the Smokies, "The untiring efforts of Colonel Chapman for a park in the Great Smoky Mountains has already made him known throughout the country as an outstanding park man."

The fourth highest peak in the Smokies has been named "Mount Chapman" by the United States Geographic Board—the first honor of this kind paid to a living man. The wide, new highway leading from Knoxville by Sevierville to Gatlinburg, the Western Gateway to the park, has been named "Chapman Highway" by the Tennessee Legislature. The pen with which President Roosevelt signed the bill that insured the completion of the park was given to Colonel Chapman in recognition of his work for it.

Prior to the actual park movement, Horace Kephart, writer and mountain enthusiast of North Carolina, did probably more than any other person to create interest in the conservation of the Smokies. He loved the Great Smoky Mountains and wanted to see them preserved in their primitive state for posterity. As the author of *Our Southern Highlanders*, he spread a knowledge of the beauty and charm of the southeastern mountains to all sections of the United States, which won for him the epithet, "apostle" of the Smokies.

Who first thought of establishing a national park in the Southern Appalachians is not known. But the wanton destruction of their virgin forests was causing many people considerable concern before the close of the nineteenth century. In 1880 an article by the Rev. C. D. Smith of Franklin, North Carolina, advocat-

ing the establishment of a national park in these picturesque mountains, was published in a Waynesville, North Carolina, newspaper.

This is claimed to be the first public suggestion of such a park, people up until that time having shown a striking indifference to the fact that all of our national parks were located in the West, far from the centers of population in the East.

At the time the Rev. Smith's article was published, most of the lofty mountain region in Tennessee and North Carolina was an even wilder wilderness area than it is today—more sections had not been penetrated by man; roads were few; the remaining Indian and wild-animal trails indistinct; and only a small part was accessible by rail. Even the Indian Gap Road, the steep, narrow, ratty mule route over which the early settlers had crossed the high divide between the states was seldom, if ever, used any more. Railroads and better lowland routes had diverted travel around either end of the Smokies, making them more isolated than in earlier years.

Extensive areas of virgin forests were rapidly falling into the hands of large lumber companies. Their possessions frequently included hundreds of thousands of acres. For the most part, they were carrying on their lumbering activities ruthlessly without making any effort to save the young trees. The slash which remained when the cutting was finished gave rise to fires that completed the destruction of future forests, and even many of the shrubs and plants were in danger of complete extinction.

A trip into any of the cut-over lands in the mountains,

Little River Gorge, Jake's Creek, Cove Mountain, and many other places, shows the havoc that was wrought. Only an occasional giant hardwood or conifer remains to remind us of the superb trees that perished. The Park Service has removed most of the dead trees and debris left by the loggers, and nature is rapidly covering up the remaining visible effects of lumbering operations.

A look at the whole mountain region just prior to the awakened interest in an eastern park is enlightening.

By 1889 many people from large southern and eastern cities were spending the hot summer months in Asheville, located on a railroad in the beautiful mountain district of Western North Carolina. They were lured by its high altitude, cool climate, and beautiful scenery; it was also easily accessible since it was reached by rail, the principal mode of travel in those days.

The region near present-day Hendersonville, North Carolina, had served as a summer resort, however, for visitors from the Deep South for many years. People from Charleston, South Carolina, had built summer homes at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the Flat Rock section, just south of Hendersonville, when the trip from Charleston had to be made in carriages and wagons.

Many of the old houses established as summer residences at that early date are still standing in Henderson County. Although more than a hundred years old, they are in good repair, and are surrounded by lovely gardens that boast some of the largest boxwoods in the

world. The summer visitors there, and in Asheville, and in a few other sections of Western North Carolina were gradually spreading the fame of its grand scenery, and invigorating climate.

But nothing definite had seemingly been accomplished by Rev. Smith's suggestion that a national park should be established in the Southern Appalachians. Yet the idea had taken root, and in 1890 a number of prominent Asheville men, George S. Powell, Charles A. Webb, Colonel A. T. Davidson, and several others were advocating it. For they realized that very soon nothing would remain but a fading memory of a once great natural park, at the rate the mountains were being denuded and the wild life destroyed.

Further impetus to the park idea was given, in 1899, by a distinguished visitor to Asheville from Ohio—Judge William R. Day, who later became one of the Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court. It is interesting to note that 77,603 tourists came to the Smokies from Ohio in 1938, more than from any other state except Tennessee.

Judge Day was amazed by the beautiful scenery at White Water Falls, and around the Toxaway section, which he saw on a fishing trip with Dr. Chase P. Ambler and George H. Smathers, of Asheville. He voiced the suggestion to them that much of the scenery of the Southern Appalachians was grand enough, and sufficiently distinctive, to be set aside as a national park, and that an organization should be formed to promote the project.

This opinion expressed by Judge Day was published in an Asheville newspaper; and is said to have inspired

the organization of the "Appalachian National Park Association," at a meeting called by interested citizens, at the old Battery Park Hotel, on November 22, 1899. George S. Powell was elected president, and Dr. Ambler was made Secretary-treasurer.

In "letters of incorporation" filed by the organization, its business and purpose is stated as follows: "The promotion of the establishment and maintenance by the United States Government of a national park and forest preserve in and among the Appalachian Mountains."

The association immediately began an extensive campaign to interest cities and towns in adjoining states in the movement. Influential men in all parts of the country aided and joined the organization—although it was opposed by some people, just as is any movement intended to benefit the public as a whole when it conflicts with the plans and prejudices of some individuals.

A petition to Congress for a national park in the Southern Appalachians was drawn up and signed by the president and secretary of the Association on December 19, 1899. When this was sent to Washington, the suggested location for the park was outlined on a map of the region which accompanied it, and included much of the area now in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park boundary.

The petition finally resulted in funds being appropriated in 1901 to investigate conditions in the Southern Appalachians. The report of the survey showed a definite need for the conservation of forests and wild life in the region, but it was declared that same year that Congress could do nothing because any

action the Federal Government might take would interfere with states' rights.

The Asheville Association then used its influence with the legislatures of Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama to get them to vote to cede to the Federal Government the right to acquire title and to exempt from taxation land obtained for national park purposes in these six states. The bills were passed in 1901, but another complication was disclosed. It was pointed out that the Federal Government had already expressed itself as opposed to purchasing land for national park purposes.

Someone may ask: "How then had such a large number of national parks been established in the West, if no government funds were available?" They had been set aside from the public domain, and no money had been necessary to acquire the land.

After successfully surmounting all of their other difficulties, the Appalachian Park Association had seemingly reached an impasse in its movement to establish a national park. But the preservation of some of the forests in the region was becoming more imperative each year, and so the Appalachian Park Association turned its efforts in that direction and changed its name to the Appalachian National Forest Reserve Association. It identified itself with the American Forestry Association in 1905, and the next few years were devoted to creating a sentiment favorable to the establishment of national forest reserves.

The general and technical press of the country gave their active support. Perhaps they did more than all other agencies to awaken the American people to a

realization that our natural resources are for this generation to use legitimately, but not to destroy.

Public opinion favoring it, the national forest reserve plan grew stronger and, in 1911, Congress passed the Week's Bill providing for the establishment of national forests in the Southern Appalachians.

The park objective of Asheville's public-spirited citizens had not been achieved, but they had given important impetus to the national forests movement to which we owe Nantahala, with its million acres of superb trees, Pisgah, Cherokee, and the other great national forests in the Southern Highlands.

Since national parks and national forests are frequently such similar areas, the points which constitute the main differences between them are often not understood.

National parks are "areas set apart by Congress because of some natural feature, or features, so beautiful, extraordinary, or unique that they are of national importance and interest." They are most carefully preserved in their wild state, "being altered only enough to provide roads into them, trails into their remote fastness for hiking and fire protection, and camps and hotels to live in." The chief aim is to make man's activities in them as inconspicuous as possible.

National forests are created to administer the lumbering and grazing interests of the people, and to protect the sources of streams. "Trees are cut in accordance with the principles of scientific forestry," which conserves the small trees, thus perpetuating the forests. Hunting is permitted in season, and also grazing, under governmental regulations. Such activities are not al-

lowed in national parks, and only dead, diseased, or fallen trees are removed to give the young forest cover a chance to develop naturally.

In short, national forests are properties in a commercial sense, while national parks are primarily museums of wild life, both animal and vegetable, where nature is given every opportunity to glorify herself. They are also developed for the recreational, inspirational, and educational enjoyment of the people as a whole. Outdoor recreation is also encouraged in national forests. National parks are administered by the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, while national forests are controlled by the National Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture.

From the brief description of the two areas it is easily seen that national parks and national forests serve different purposes, and that neither takes the place of the other. It is not surprising, then, that those who wanted some parts of the Southern Appalachians preserved in their pristine beauty were not satisfied with just the establishment of national forests as provided by the Week's Bill, although, after its passing, the park idea was not pressed for a few years.

In 1913, Horace Kephart's book, *Our Southern Highlanders*, mentioned before, was published. He had spent nine years in the Great Smoky Mountains studying the mountains and the mountaineers. His first-hand story focused the attention of people everywhere upon the frontier nature, and other distinctive qualities of the Smokies. Kephart, a librarian by profession, had come to the North Carolina mountains in search of health.

After spending a few weeks he said, "Here at last I shall begin to live."

The first three years he stayed alone most of the time in a log cabin at the site of a disused copper mine on Little Fork, of Sugar Fork Creek, in North Carolina. He spent much of his time hunting, fishing, exploring, and visiting the mountain people. It was here he wrote his first book on camping and woodcraft.

Kephart's ability to translate the grandeur, charm, and lure of the Smokies into words was of great assistance in creating a definitely favorable sentiment for a park in the Smokies. He continued to write books and also magazine and newspaper articles about phenomena in the Smoky Mountains until his death, which came about as the result of an automobile accident near Bryson City, North Carolina, in 1931. His grave in that city is marked by a huge boulder brought from the mountains he loved. His name is perpetuated in the park, as one of the high peaks on the state line, just east of Newfound Gap, is named Mount Kephart (6,200 feet).

Margaret Morley's book, *The North Carolina Mountains*, also published in 1913, painted a beautiful and glowing picture of the area, and in it she expressed the hope that some day the mountains would be included in a national park.

A Tennessee writer, Mary N. Murfree, who used the pen name, Charles Egbert Craddock, spent a great deal of time, near the turn of the century, in beautiful Cades Cove in the western part of the Smokies. Through her novels and short stories, the scenes of which were laid in this picturesque region, she helped to awaken people

to the almost supernatural beauty and charm of the Smokies.

The late W. M. Goodman, of Knoxville, is said to have been one of the first Tennesseans to visualize the Smokies as a great national playground. And a number of persons became interested in the idea through his influence.

In 1913 the National Conservation Exposition was sponsored by East Tennessee, and held in Knoxville, its object being to focus the attention of the people, and especially the Federal Government, upon the Smoky Mountains as a region of sufficient grandeur and magnitude to meet the high standards of the national park system.

The first park enthusiasm aroused by the different writers mentioned, and by the Conservation Exposition, flared and waned, and long before 1923 had died out. In that year Mrs. Willis P. Davis inspired the movement that was to be eventually successful.

While admiring the scenic grandeur of the Yellowstone National Park which she was visiting with her husband, Mrs. Davis said to him: "The scenery here is grand and unusual, but it's so barren. I think our forest-clad Smokies are much more varied and attractive. Why can't they be set aside as a national park?"

The idea impressed Mr. Davis. He had long been aware of their national park aspects. Upon returning to Knoxville he spoke to a number of people about starting a movement to get a national park established in the near-by mountains.

His idea met with considerable indifference at first, but a few people showed a measure of interest. Those

who did he called together at the office of Judge H. B. Lindsay on December 1, 1923. The men who were able to attend the first meeting were: Judge D. C. Webb, Forrest Andrews, Cowan Rodgers, Wiley Brownlee, J. B. Wright, Mr. Davis, Colonel David C. Chapman, and Judge H. B. Lindsay.

After a few meetings an organization to be known as the "Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association" was perfected. Mr. Davis was elected president. A short time later Colonel Chapman was made chairman of the board. Dr. Herbert Acuff and a number of other prominent men soon added their influence to the undertaking. To this group as a whole, and to Colonel Chapman in particular, we are indebted for carrying the park movement to a successful conclusion.

The first efforts of the association were directed toward interesting Stephen T. Mather, then Director of the National Park Service, and some of the officials of the Department of the Interior, in its park project.

Colonel Chapman, and other members of the newly formed association, held several conferences in Washington with Director Mather, pointing out to him the distinctive and unusual qualities of the Smokies that made them a national asset deserving of preservation for the use and enjoyment of succeeding generations.

Colonel Chapman's knowledge of the primeval character of the high mountains, coupled with his enthusiasm for them, made him their best possible ambassador. He had climbed Mount LeConte when climbing it was a very real chore—when hikers set out equipped with an ax, a good strong pocketknife, and a stout rope,

instead of a kodak; the knife and the ax for cutting through the undergrowth, and the rope to assist them over boulders and cliffs.

Instead of trails, Colonel Chapman and other early adventurers followed the paths made by the streams to the highest peaks. They never knew when their progress would be stopped by a mountain freshet that, in less than an hour, can turn a trickling mountain stream into a raging torrent.

The views the pioneer hikers enjoyed of far-reaching high horizons amply repaid them for the effort they had made to behold them. But it was an aesthetic thrill which could be enjoyed only by the most hardy. And Colonel Chapman visualized this rugged mountain region covered with a network of trails and roads through its virgin forests to the crests of its commanding heights for all to enjoy. He believed that primitive thrills for the few could be well sacrificed in order that many might see and feel the pulse-quickenning charm and heroic magnitude of the grandest mountain panorama in the East. The wonderful Over-the-Smokies Highway, the Skyway, and the many miles of easy trails in the Smokies, today, are some of the results of the altruistic vision of these pioneer hikers.

However, wilderness areas are left in the park for those rugged individuals who want explorer's thrills with their mountain climbing.

Riding today in streamlined cars over a hard-surfaced road almost to the top of the Smokies' highest peak, it is hard to realize that little more than a decade ago not one good road led into the heart of these mountains; and that two decades ago the region was comparatively

unknown except to a few interested scientists, adventurous hikers, lumbermen, Isaac Waltons, bear hunters, and local mountaineers.

The inaccessibility of the Smokies on the Tennessee side was the principal reason people in this state did not manifest much interest in them before the turn of the century.

For example, Elkmont, in the western part of the Smokies, is today little more than an hour's ride from Knoxville, going either by Maryville and Little River Gorge, or by Gatlinburg through Fightin' Creek Gap. Yet, until the Little River Lumber Company built a railroad up the gorge around 1903, that section was not accessible at all by the Little River route; and the road by Gatlinburg and the gap was attempted by very few "outlanders."

One man who made such a trip in a wagon in 1912 told me that he had to walk up the mountain, progressing at the average speed of one-half mile per hour, as he scotched and pushed his slipping, sliding wagon.

When Colonel W. B. Townsend built his railroad from Townsend up Little River Gorge, he extended it farther and farther into the wilderness, as he finished his lumbering operations at a given point. Upon reaching a comparatively wide cove near the intersection of Jake's Creek and Little River, he built houses for his lumbermen and called the little settlement "Elkmont." Logging activities were then carried on up the prongs of the two streams almost to their sources near the high state line divide.

Elkmont is found on the map of the park today, but nothing remains of the once bustling settlement with

its noisy logging trains, and shrill whistles, except a store and post office. The old railroad bed is now a hard-surfaced road—part of the 100-mile scenic loop trip which begins and ends in Knoxville, and includes Maryville, Little River Gorge, Gatlinburg and Sevierville.

With the advent of the logging train up Little River Gorge, a few Knoxville men began riding it into the Smokies to fish and hunt. They established a hunting lodge on Jake's Creek near Elkmont. The stories the hunters and fishermen told about the gorgeous scenery in that section caused others to make the trip in the old-fashioned day coach that was attached to the logging train. This coach was dropped at Elkmont, but the more adventurous got permission to ride the flat cars on into the fastness of the mountains. Anybody who had the exciting experience of sitting on a flat car hanging onto nothing, while the train skirted a precipice and swung around sharp curves, will not forget the adventure. Indeed, only those who loved mountain vistas enough to endure some inconvenience to behold them, and liked their scenery served with a spice of difficulty and hazard, attempted it.

But the daring spirits who made such trips had all the pioneer thrills that are lacking today when "roughing it" means riding in an automobile with the windows rolled down.

The opportunities for fishing and hunting and other outdoor sports, the grandeur of the scenery, and the delightfully cool climate during the hot season lured more and more people to the Elkmont section. Then, around 1903, two clubs were organized for the purpose

of locating summer resorts there. The Appalachian Club, with cottages and a hotel, was established first. In 1908 the members of Wonderland Club bought a resort hotel that had been built a short time before, just west of Elkmont, by Mr. Charlie Carter. It is located on a wooded elevation overlooking Little River and facing historic Blanket Mountain. Wonderland Club Hotel, reached over Tennessee Highway No. 73, has the distinction of being the only hotel in the park as yet, and is the focal point of a number of sight-seeing tours. Both the Appalachian and Wonderland Club properties are included in the park boundary; however, club members retain lifetime leases.

Colonel David C. Chapman and other men who played an important part in helping to establish a national park in the Smokies were charter members of the Appalachian Club. They knew at first hand the wonderful possibilities of these mountains as a year-round playground and natural museum, and desired to see it preserved for people everywhere to enjoy.

Colonel Chapman said in speaking of his first interest in having the Smoky Mountains terrain made a national park: "I had been going into the Smokies for several years to hike and to hunt, but I in noway appreciated their superior altitude, variety of trees in their virgin forests, their abundance and diversity of plants, until I chanced to read the report of the survey made by the Department of Agriculture in 1901." This was the survey already mentioned as having been brought about by the demand of certain organizations and the press of the country for the preservation of the remaining virgin forests in the Southern Highlands.

Interest in the matter had first been aroused by that great conservationist, Theodore Roosevelt.

The trip into the Smokies up Little River Gorge continued to attract more and more people into that part of the mountains. Meanwhile Gatlinburg became the starting point for hikers to LeConte and to other sections in the northeastern part of the Smokies; thus it was that East Tennessee began to really appreciate the high-lying arboreal wonderland in its back yard. But the idea of a national park was mentioned only at intervals in the decade prior to 1923.

With the organization that year, due to the initial efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association, a great many people for the first time became Smoky Mountains Park conscious.

After Colonel Chapman and some other members of the new park-boosting association had presented the extraordinary qualifications of the Smoky Mountains for a national park to Dr. Mather, he expressed himself, in the annual report of the National Park Service, in 1923, as favoring the establishment of one or two national parks in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, "as areas to be preserved in their wild states to be typical examples of the region, if such areas can be acquired by funds privately donated."

In 1924, Dr. Hubert Work, then Secretary of the Interior, who also favored the creating of a park, or parks, in the Appalachians, appointed a commission to investigate and recommend the best areas for such purposes. Henry W. Temple, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, was made chairman; the vice-chairman



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

An interesting variety of sports lure Park visitors. *Upper Left:* Swimming in one of the many natural pools. *Lower Left:* Hiking the Appalachian Trail around Charlie's Bunton; Mount LeConte in the background. *Center:* Many trout streams lure fishermen from far and near. *Right:* Horseback riders especially enjoy the numerous shaded trails.



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Above: Winter hiking in the Smokies is increasing in popularity each season. *Below:* Cliff Top of Mount LeConte affords one of the finest panoramic views in the Smokies.

was William C. Gregg, of the National Arts Club, New York; secretary-treasurer, Colonel Glenn S. Smith, division engineer of the Geological Survey; Harlan P. Kelsey, Salem, Massachusetts, a former president of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and Major William A. Welch, general manager and chief engineer of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, New York, were the other members.

A number of areas were studied and rejected; but after several months of investigation the Commission reported in favor of the Great Smoky Mountains, in Tennessee and North Carolina; and the Shenandoah area, in Virginia. Following this report, Representative Temple introduced a bill in Congress in January, 1925, to provide for obtaining land in the Southern Appalachians for national parks. The legislation enacted by Congress authorized Secretary Work, through a commission to be appointed by him, to obtain all the facts to be considered in creating the parks desired.

Secretary Work made his unofficial committee of investigation his official Commission, with Representative Temple again acting as chairman.

The Commission upon making further surveys of various proposed sites for national parks in the East found, they said, additional reasons why the Great Smoky Mountains, and the Shenandoah areas were the "best." They declared that nature was at her "choicest" in these mountains.

In the meantime the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association began an extensive campaign to raise \$1,000,000.00 to initiate land purchases in Tennessee. An association, The Great Smoky Mountains,

Inc., was formed in Asheville, North Carolina, to promote park interest in that state. In Virginia, the Shenandoah National Park Association undertook a campaign to raise a like amount to help establish the Shenandoah National Park.

In the future as we drive over the Blue Ridge Parkway, a strictly recreational scenic route along the crest of the Blue Ridge, some links of which have already been built connecting these two great parks, perhaps we shall remember the unselfish work of those who labored, before it was too late, to have these areas set aside in all of their pristine richness for our enjoyment and education.

By the time the official Southern Appalachian National Park Commission, appointed by Secretary Work, made its final favorable report on the two regions in April, 1926, the park associations in Tennessee and North Carolina had raised jointly, through private donations from individuals, school children, clubs, and the general public in both states, the sum of \$1,066,693.91. The Virginia Association reported a total of \$1,200,000.00.

These evidences of popular interest in the national park projects, together with the further data the Commission had gathered as to the remarkable suitability of the areas, resulted in Congress being asked to pass an enabling act looking toward the establishment of national parks in the favored regions.

Representative Temple, Chairman of the Southern Appalachian Park Commission, introduced the bill, April 4, 1926. It was passed by both houses and was signed by President Coolidge on May 22, 1926.

This act of Congress simply provided that lands within the proposed park areas, as described and approved by the Secretary of the Interior, could be accepted by him, if he considered them worthy, when tendered to the Federal Government in fee simple.

The bill further provided that, when a minimum of 150,000 acres of such land had been presented it could be accepted and administration and protection could be assumed, but that no general development would be undertaken until a minimum of 427,000 acres had been received. The maximum acreage which could be accepted in the Smokies by the National Park Service was fixed at 704,000 acres.

To get the necessary funds to buy the Great Smoky Mountains the people of the two states set out to move several mountains:

All of the land in the proposed area was privately owned, and it was estimated that \$10,000,000.00 would be needed to acquire it. Nearly all of the 200,000 acres of virgin forests within the specified minimum area was in the hands of large fiber and lumber companies. Very few, if any, of them would be willing to relinquish their holdings at less than their commercial value. And due to the increasing scarcity of timber such forest tracts were rapidly becoming more valuable.

In addition to the holders of the large timber areas, there were a great many owners of small mountain farms to be dealt with—together, they made approximately 340 owners in North Carolina, and almost twenty times that number in Tennessee.

A number of individuals who, for personal reasons, opposed the park idea, espoused the cause of the na-

tives, spreading the idea that the mountaineers would be driven from their homes. A few natives actively opposed the park. One of them peevishly remarked to me, "Hit 'pears to me like a onery scheme to give the mountains back to the 'b'ar.' "

Some of them, however, were glad to receive real money for their farms, and welcomed the opportunity to move to the valleys where more level and fertile land could be had.

When Horace M. Albright, National Park Director, visited the Smokies in 1930 he talked with many natives and said that he found, "a number want to move out, while others wish to stay for sentimental reasons. The law permits them to stay and they will be dealt with liberally and with a great deal of sentiment."

To arouse the mountaineer, and thus hinder the park's establishment, it was even reported that the cemeteries in the area would be removed. It should be said here that since the park's establishment all such burial plots have received the tenderest care and the most sacred protection by park officials.

Tennessee had made an important step toward either a state or a national park in 1925. The Townsend tract of 78,000 acres, including some of the high peaks in the Smokies, was purchased. The state legislature voted to pay two-thirds, if the city of Knoxville would pay one-third. Contrary to the expectations of certain individuals who had hoped thus to defeat the measure, Knoxville accepted the challenge. And the tract, including the beautiful Little River Gorge, is distinguished by being the first large boundary of land purchased for the park.

Director Albright said apropos of Knoxville's appropriation, "We are not unmindful of what Knoxville has done to bring the national park about. Your appropriation of \$100,000.00 for it was extraordinary and something I don't know of ever having been done by a city before."

Mrs. W. P. Davis, who first inspired the idea of a park in the Smokies, introduced the bill in the legislature to buy the Townsend tract, Mrs. Davis being at the time a representative from Knox County. She received the big gold-pointed, ostrich-feather-tipped pen with which Governor Austin Peay signed the bill.

After the National Park bill was signed by President Coolidge, in 1926, the Smoky Mountain Conservation Association set about trying to get the Tennessee Legislature to appropriate additional money to buy park lands. Despite much opposition such a bill was finally introduced in the House. After its introduction, the legislators were thoroughly confused by torrents of propaganda, and the salient facts were blurred, as is often the case, by appeals to their prejudices and emotions. The whole vital issue became beclouded by personalities and local considerations. The motives and also the characters of the leaders of the park movement in Tennessee were attacked. In nowise daunted by the opposition, the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association brought the Tennessee Legislature in a body to see the Smokies, in an effort to enlist its interest in the park movement. Governor Austin Peay devoted every possible effort to overcome the opposition to the park appropriation's bill.

Finally, on April 27, 1927, a bond issue of \$1,500,-

000.00 was authorized by the Tennessee Legislature.

The prophetic words spoken by the late Governor Peay when he signed the bill have already come true. And they show the fine spirit of a statesman who was willing to sacrifice momentary public approval for the future good of his state. "For the present," Governor Peay said, "this expenditure is very unpopular with many people, but that is because the advantages to all of a national park in our midst is not understood; in good time, and very soon, most everybody will recognize this as a wise investment."

In February of the same year North Carolina authorized a bond issue of \$2,000,000.00. With the funds that had been privately donated earlier, approximately \$4,500,000.00 was now available in these two states for land purchases. Valuing the land already purchased at \$500,000.00 the amount totaled \$5,000,000.00.

A Park Commission, with authority to buy land and deed it to the Federal Government, was appointed in each state. Colonel Chapman was made chairman of the Tennessee Commission, and the late Senator Mark Squires, of the North Carolina Commission.

However, the funds on hand were less than half enough, at the estimated cost, to buy the minimum acreage that had been set by the National Park Service.

More money must be sought; but where?

Arno B. Cammerer, then assistant, but now (1938) Director of the National Park Service, had been an enthusiastic supporter of the Great Smoky Mountains Park project from its inception. He had personally assisted the official Commission appointed by the Secretary of the Interior in inspecting the park area. He

had helped to determine its boundaries, and understood probably better than anyone in Washington its desirability as a primitive area, where the animal and vegetable wild life of the Southern Appalachians could be preserved. He also realized its possibilities as an outdoor recreational center because of its location within a day's journey of 60,000,000 people.

Colonel Chapman says that, "Acting entirely as a patriotic citizen who earnestly desired to see this bit of primeval wilderness preserved, and not as a Federal employee, Cammerer succeeded in interesting John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the matter. The value of Director Cammerer's interest in, and efforts in behalf of, a national park in the Smokies cannot be over estimated," the "father" of the park says.

Due to Mr. Cammerer's efforts the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation agreed to match, dollar for dollar, the money raised by the citizens and states of Tennessee and North Carolina. On March 30, 1928, this fund of \$5,000,000.00 became available—a generous gift that is to be commemorated by a monument to Laura Spelman Rockefeller placed near one of the park's entrances, or on top of the Smokies.

The Memorial Foundation chose three trustees for the disbursement of the funds—the chairman of the Great Smoky Mountains Park Commission in each state, and Arno B. Cammerer.

The program of land buying was speeded up immediately, but the work was necessarily slow. Surveys had to be made, options secured, and in some cases condemnation proceedings were necessary, and several other delays occurred.

However, in a little less than two years 158,791.21 acres had been bought and were turned over to the Federal Government, February 6, 1930. Although this is the date when the Great Smoky Mountains National Park is said to have entered the National Park family, it has had to remain a provisional park until the minimum amount of 427,000 acres could be acquired.

The Commissions in both states continued land acquisitions as rapidly as possible after the first 158,791 acres were deeded to the government.

The original plan had been that the Rockefeller Memorial Fund should be divided equally between the two states, but the trustees charged with its disbursement elected to buy the land in North Carolina first, against the repeated advice of Colonel Chapman, who was no longer a trustee. All the funds on hand were spent by 1933, but considerable land remained to be bought, whereupon President Roosevelt allocated an additional \$1,550,000.00 for this purpose, most of which was spent in North Carolina. When this supplementary sum had all been used, approximately 26,000 acres of land in Tennessee was still unpurchased.

The National Park Service could administer and protect the Great Smoky Mountains as a national park area, but could not begin its development, according to the original bill; thus another seemingly blind alley was reached.

Tennessee did not feel that she should be penalized because so much of the Rockefeller fund had been spent in North Carolina, since her donations for land purchases already exceeded those of her sister state.

The depression made further raising of funds through private donations impossible. But with each passing year the great popularity of the park had made its completion more and more imperative. The only equitable way seemed to be for the national government to finish buying the land on the Tennessee side, just as it had in North Carolina. The amount needed was estimated at \$743,000.00.

But with the Federal Government's avowed objection to appropriating funds to purchase national park lands, the situation did not look encouraging.

To Senator K. D. McKellar of Tennessee is due a large part of the credit for the solution of the problem.

When Senator Pat McCarren of Nevada introduced a bill to authorize the money to buy land for Tahoe National Forest, in Nevada, Senator McKellar tacked on an amendment to include the money needed to acquire the remaining 26,014.5 acres in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

The bill passed the Senate and went over to the House where it received a favorable report from the public lands committee. The report reviewed the history of the purchase of land in the Smokies, pointing out that Tennessee and North Carolina had donated the original amount of money stipulated. It showed that it was no fault of these two states that the sum had not been sufficient. The increasingly large number of tourists to the park region was mentioned as an important reason why the remaining area should be bought as soon as possible, so that development might begin and plans could be made to care for them in the accustomed national park manner.

Representative Sam McReynolds, of Chattanooga, was in charge of getting the bill through the house. He, J. Will Taylor, and B. Carroll Reece, all of Tennessee, made speeches in behalf of the bill. However, contrary to expectation, only a little opposition developed. Although an unprecedented appropriation, it passed by a vote of ten to one. The bill had the approval of President Roosevelt, who has been an unfailing friend to the park throughout both of his administrations.

All speed consistent with economy is being used in buying the remainder of the land, and as soon as it is acquired the formal dedication of the park will take place, probably in the spring of 1939. It is planned that as soon as possible after this occurs all conveniences usually found in national parks will be available, including ranger-naturalists service and more camp sites.

During the eight years the park has been in the "proposed" state, Major J. Ross Eakin has been superintendent, with headquarters at Gatlinburg. While his staff has been small, he has been most successful in administering and protecting the area, despite the fact that more than three millions of people have visited it. His task has not always been easy. For instance, in 1937, on the Sunday before Labor Day, 3,738 cars containing 14,752 persons entered the park. A continuous stream of motorists filled the roads in the area all day, but there was no confusion and very few delays.

Because of the wonderful mountain panoramas obtainable from its highways, the unique nature of many of its natural features, its forests of great trees, the myriads of wild flowers and shrubs, its native bears, and

other wild animals, no part of the United States offers more attractions to the sight-seer. The atmosphere, due to the high altitude, is wonderfully invigorating, light, and pure; while the southern latitude makes the climate delightful during all seasons, giving the Great Smoky Mountains National Park the best properties of both a winter park and a summer resort. It does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee that within the next few years it will be one of the chief natural attractions in the United States.

All of us owe a great measure of thanks to the people who worked untiringly to erect walls of protection around this superlative sylvan museum.

To show our appreciation we can carry out good-humoredly the rules and regulations designed to conserve it in its natural excellence. They were not made to curtail our liberties, but to protect the park for the enjoyment of millions who will come after us—the fluctuating desires of individuals are, after all, of minor importance, if they conflict with restrictions for the benefit of everyone.

After a visitor recovers from his feeling of awe and astonishment at the sheer immensity of the mountains and ranges that make up the Great Smokies, he naturally wonders by what gigantic processes, and when, nature made them. If told that they are among the oldest mountains in the world, he usually wants to know how this has been determined.

Geology reveals the romantic history of the inconceivably long periods of their tempestuous past. The following brief chapter tells only a minute portion of what scientists have found written on their rock tablets.

CHAPTER VIII

A Geological Romance

THE story of the elevation of the Great Smoky Mountains from deep-sea bottoms to towering heights is a dramatic chapter in the making of America—a mountain-molding drama that occurred far back in the dim ages long before man. Although happening in the obscure past, a little knowledge of the cataclysms which occurred increases appreciation and comprehension of the titanic mountain scenery which they produced.

The simplified geological outline intended here, however, expressed in very few technical terms, can do little more than indicate the millions of years, and the tremendous geological processes involved. But it will help the reader who is not interested in geology, except as the anatomy of scenery, to a better understanding of why the Smokies are described as among the oldest and most persistent mountains in the world.

Geologists tell us that it is the exposure in the Appalachians of the oldest rock structure known, Archean, which places the formation of these high horizons in the dim distance of the creation of the world when they were laid down, layer upon layer, at the bottom of an ancient, world-wide ocean.

Over most of the globe such age-old strata are still buried beneath thick layers of younger rocks. But in a few places they have been uncovered by uplift and

erosion; as, in the Smokies, and other detached areas of the Appalachians. They are also found in a few other countries, particularly in Brazil, Central Africa, and in Scandinavia.

These ancient Archean rocks were formed during what is known as the Archeozoic, or first, geologic era, we are told, and underlie all later systems of rock. Under the tremendous weight of miles of overlying strata, the lowest layers were crushed, squeezed, melted, and changed into types better suited to the high pressure and temperature of the depths—granites became gneisses, and shales became schists.

Although some geologists include as Archean all of the rocks below the Cambrian, the highly metamorphosed, or changed, schists and gneisses are the rocks usually designated as Archean. In the high crests along the state line between North Carolina and Tennessee the schists are found interbedded with the conglomerates and weather slowly. The gneisses are of several kinds—many of them being composed of the same mineral constituents that make up granite—emphatically a mountain-making formation.

The other rocks of the Smokies as a whole are of varied character and age, and include limestones, slates, shales, sandstones, quartzites, and conglomerates. The youngest of them belong to what is known as the Mississippian group, and even they are millions of years old, 'tis said. From these younger ones, the rocks in the Smokies range back through Devonian, Silurian, Ordovician, and Cambrian, to Archean—the oldest.

Associated with these geologic formations are various minerals. The rocks of the Cambrian and Archean

ages contain gold. In the upper waters of Little River and in Abram's Creek, on the Tennessee side, a little gold has been panned. On the old Levi Trentham farm near Wonderland Club a small vein was found and opened several years ago, but proved to be too poor for mining.

Probably few people know that from 1804 to 1827 all the gold produced in the United States came from North Carolina. In recent years gold mining has been revived in Western North Carolina, especially in Rutherford and Cherokee Counties, and in the Coker Creek section of Tennessee.

Iron and copper are two other minerals that are found on both the Tennessee and North Carolina sides of the Smokies.

In greater or lesser quantities in the region as a whole, but especially in Western North Carolina, occur corundum, mica, cyanite, feldspar, asbestos, talc, and several other minerals of commercial value.

Gems found in the geologic formations in North Carolina include rubies, emeralds, garnets, sapphires, amethysts, rock crystals, hiddenites, and numerous others.

Later, when museums are established in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, the minerals and gems of the Southern Appalachians could make one of the outstanding displays, one that would add much to the romance of the geological exhibits.

Since the Archean rocks were produced at great depth as the result of tremendous pressure and intense heat from rocks of igneous and sedimentary origin, and are highly metamorphosed, it is often impossible to de-

termine the original character of some of them, while that of others may be discovered by study. Some show that they were once surface volcanic materials; lava and cinders that must have been cast out during successive eruptions upon a still older surface—a surface that has not been identified as yet.

Since the bottom of Archean rocks has never been reached, nothing is known of the earlier part of the Archeozoic Era, and very little about its later periods has been learned from the obscure records inscribed in its ancient rocks. No fossils have been found in them, and nothing is known of the plant and animal life of the period. Although certain deposits, lime and graphite for instance, indicate that both may have existed on a simple and low scale.

The principal knowledge revealed by a study of the folded, crumpled, altered Archean rocks is that many successive volcanic eruptions and intrusions occurred—probably more than in any other era. Such changes, the clearer records of later times show, take place slowly and are separated by periods of quiet often measured by millions of years. Considerations such as these have led to the conjecture that the Archeozoic Era may have been 500,000,000 years in length.

Omitting further details of periods in the inconceivably long Archeozoic Era, let it and the immediately following Proterozoic Era, supposedly of the same length, disappear in the shadowy perspective of a remote past, and imagine that it is millions of years later in the Cambrian, or first, period of the Paleozoic Era, when, geologists affirm, greatly hardened beds of sand and mud were washed down from Archean lands into

the borders of a great inland sea. Much altered, these are the masses of resistant quartzites and slates that uphold the peaks and steep western slopes of the Great Smokies. These rocks are very old, even geologically speaking, but are far younger than Archean.

In the Permian, or last, period of the Paleozoic Era, by folding and uplift, the thick mass of sediment previously mentioned as accumulating for ages in the Appalachian geosyncline was raised and faulted and the young Appalachian Mountains, like Aphrodite born of seafoam, appeared above the epicontinental ocean with seaweeds in their hair, and in their bosom the remains of trilobites and other deep-sea crustaceans of the Cambrian and other periods—such deep-sea deposits have been found not only on the east but also on the west side of the Great Smokies.

The streams of the region tell some of the geologic story. After the traveler passes through the sandstone ridge, Chilhowee, the color of the streams changes from the dirty milky blue noticed in the lower limestone valleys to the clear brown of sandstone hills. Then, with increasing altitude, the sparkling, crystal waters of the metamorphic rock country are reached.

The deep-seated movements of the vast Permian period of the Paleozoic Era were accompanied, no doubt, by much primordial rolling, churning, and mad surging, as metamorphic and other ancient strata slowly upheaved, not because of pressure from below but from the sides, and broke along lines of least resistance into great masses, probably, from ten to twelve thousand feet high.

What a spectacle that must have been!



Photograph by Carlos C. Campbell

Great anticline on Tennessee Highway No. 71, about a mile south of Pigeon Forge, that was formed during the Appalachian revolutions which occurred in the Paleozoic Era—approximately 150,000,000 years ago.



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

The resistant nature of many rocks in the Smokies is in a great measure responsible for the spectacular cliffs and boulders seen along the high-ways and trails.

Then the Alpine elevations with the sharp-pointed pinnacles and deep faults of new-born mountains stood still—a stupendous monument to Nature's gigantic handiwork.

On Highway No. 71, about a mile south of Pigeon Forge, is a great anticline, or arch of rock strata dipping in opposite directions, that was formed during the Appalachian revolutions which occurred in the Permian Period of the Paleozoic Era—approximately 150,000,000 years ago. The anticline has been cleared of debris and marked so that it can be easily seen, as the accompanying photograph shows.

Hardly had the vast arching folds risen from the bottom of the sea when Nature, ever dissatisfied with her achievements, set her construction crew—the Centuries, Erosion, Earthquakes, Weather, and Water—to work on all fronts. They attacked and tore at the peaks with such vigor that crests were worn down and pieces were clipped from their corners. High above the world rain lashed the young giants in the face while winds tore at their hair. Thor hurled his thunderbolts and roared with glee as boulders were wrenched from their beds and rolled and tumbled downward breaking into thousands of fragments.

So endless and tireless were the attacks of these destructive elemental forces, the giant mountains were worn down almost to a peneplain before the end of the next, or Mesozoic Era. This era, known as the transition period between ancient and modern life, began in North America after the diastrophic movements that gave rise to the Appalachian Mountains. Life was abundant but the long era brought revolutionary

changes in it. During the early periods sharks were still the important fishes, and the land was overrun by great reptilian hordes among which were the dinosaurs. But before the middle periods all life had begun to metamorphose slowly but surely toward the flora and fauna which we know today.

Although the Mesozoic Era was much shorter than those which had preceded it, the 100,000,000 years, more or less, that it lasted were quite long enough to reduce the whole continent of North America, including the high eastern mountains, almost to a peneplain, as we have seen. Only the more massive and resistant ranges retained slight elevations. Rocks crumbled to soil faster than it could be washed from the flattened slopes by the sluggish streams. Even the remnants of mountains became deeply covered with soil.

With the land everywhere reduced to the nice base level that seemed to be Nature's goal, was she satisfied?

No!

Very early in the Tertiary—the first period of the next, or Cenozoic Era—Nature had the worn-down Appalachians uplifted again—this time between 4,000 and 7,000 feet, without either folding or wrinkling the strata. The Rockies and Andes had been elevated also, and were still growing, making it appear that Nature's former abhorrence for elevations was now equaled by her dislike for things on a level.

The Cenozoic, or last, geologic era was ushered in probably around 60,000,000 years ago, we are told. Geologically speaking this brings us right down to yesterday, and Nature's renewed assaults on the great eastern highlands. For early in the era the capricious crea-

ture again set her construction crew to work to wear down the high Appalachian arch which she had so recently elevated.

Clouds were flung round the great rugged uplift; rain fell, and streams which had become sluggish when the land was level widened and deepened their channels and became torrents that roared like jungle beasts. Churning and billowing, the foaming streams plunged downward, faster and faster—mighty steam shovels that never paused as they carved the massive mountains, and wore the soft shales and soluble limestones in the valley region to new plain levels, amid a wild chorus of wind, rain, ice, and water.

When a complete leveling of the great mountains seemed only a matter of a few hundred centuries more, Nature suddenly tired of the sport, or else experienced an irresistible inner urge toward upheaval. For, even before the sandstone ridges in the valley region had crumbled, another titanic uplift occurred—in late Tertiary times—and partly restored the rugged character of the mountains. The rejuvenated streams began all over again their work of erosion. Little River and Abrams Creek are examples in the park area of streams that have been twice rejuvenated since the ancient Appalachians were worn down to a peneplain.

Through the years Nature's forces never paused in their terrific onset. But the storm-punished Appalachians, worn down in places, carved and defaced in others, still endured—bold and triumphant. While bolder, more rugged, and more triumphant than all the other sections, the Smokies stood outlined against the sky—the quartz crystalline of Mount Guyot, Cling-

mans near-granite, and the slates, gneisses, and schists conglomerates of the rest of the high mountains enduringly impervious to disintegrating forces. In the valley regions the soft shales and soluble limestones were again worn down but the hard sandstone ridges still stood as they do today, a striking feature of the landscape—the Chilhowee Mountains are among the largest of these valley ridges.

As the centuries passed, changing continental levels produced climatic changes that reduced the vigor of Nature's attacks on the erosion-resisting peaks of the Smokies. Apparently discouraged, she covered in most places, with deep humus and thick growths of plants, shrubs, and trees her abortive attempts to wear away the mountains, thereby decreasing her chances of ever achieving the physical destruction of the resistant peaks composed so largely of the stubborn white quartz conglomerates that frequently project above the soil and plants in the Smokies.

And so it has come about at long last that these age-old, weather-scarred mountains know comparative peace as, subdued and profound, they tell geological history for a millennium of time. High horizons, blue and ethereal, draped in an alluring haze and shrouded in the mystery and fascination of the past.

A romance of geology of far-reaching background and character, the Smokies make the expression, "old as the hills," take on a new significance as the superlative comparison for hoary age—expressing endless age, they are, however, paradoxically, the embodiment of fresh, joyous youth in their covering of vigorous trees and plants. Another seeming contradiction—they

speaking at once the language of repose and of convulsion; of a tempestuous past before calm maturity.

Despite the indisputable extreme age of the Great Smoky Mountains, the evidences of prehistoric inhabitants are very faint. Indian traditions tell of a small, moon-eyed albino race which the first Cherokee drove from the banks of the Little Tennessee River, but the story is not generally considered as authentic evidence that such people ever inhabited the region.

The great number of mounds which have been found in East Tennessee and Western North Carolina may be proof, however, that an unknown race lived in the coves of the Smokies before the Indians came. The Cherokee say that their oldest men insisted that the mounds were here when their ancestors arrived. Archeologists and ethnologists have long been divided as to their origin.

Some of them claim that the early-day Cherokee built the mounds, though sufficient proof is lacking; while others insist that they were the work of a prehistoric race. One of the largest mounds remaining today can be seen from the main street of Franklin, North Carolina. This town is located on the site of a once important Cherokee settlement named "Nikwasi."

The story of the Cherokee is told next, since it was for their pristine enjoyment, apparently, that, through countless ages according to geology, Mother Nature sat up nights carving the Great Smoky Mountains.

CHAPTER IX

Lo, the Poor Cherokee

OUR FIRST MOUNTAINEERS—THE PEOPLE OF KITUHWA

DEERSKIN moccasins . . . Pneumatic tires.

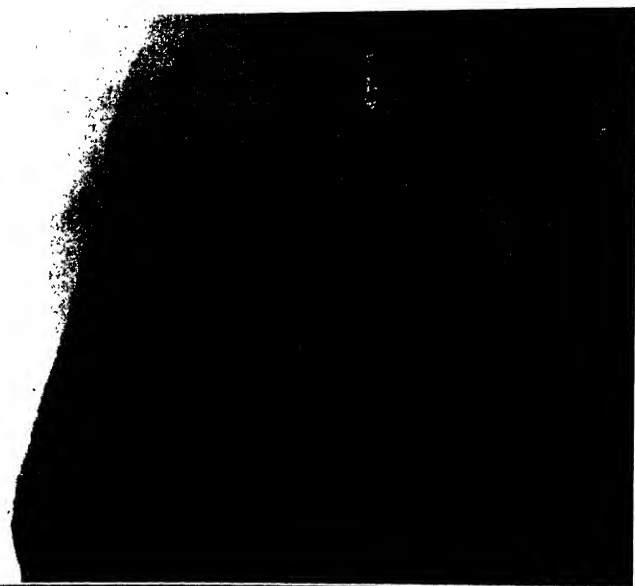
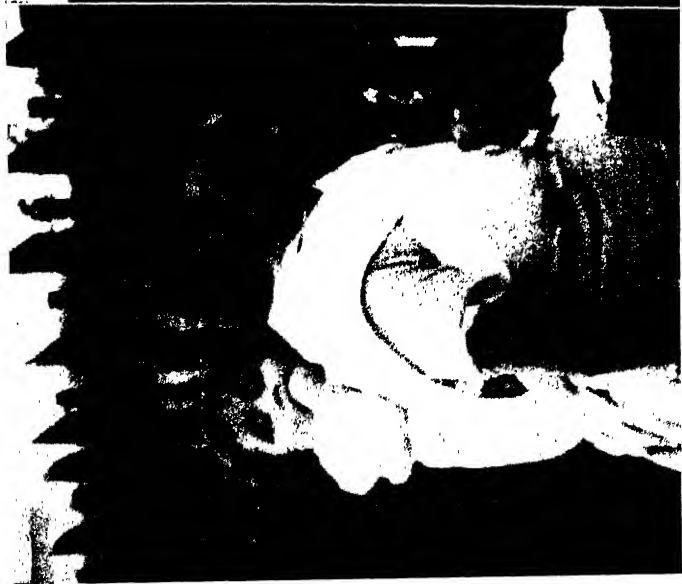
Between the imprint of the first and the second in the Great Smoky Mountains lie the centuries that changed a narrow Indian trail across its highest range to the wide scenic highway, with loop-over and tunnels, that now tops the Smokies at Newfound Gap.

Long, perilous, colorful years that slowly transformed the last stronghold of the Cherokee Indians; first, from a primitive hunting ground to a backwoods frontier; and now, at long last, to a great new National Park.

Incongruous as deerskin moccasins and pneumatic tires may seem, so far apart in point of time, both have traveled the "Great Indian Warpath" over the Smokies to the Cherokee Indian country on their eastern side.

Interesting? yes; and true.

A branch of this famous path turned eastward at the French Broad River, near Knoxville, found its way up the West Prong of Little Pigeon River, and across the Smokies to the ancient Indian towns nestled on the banks of the Oconaluftee, Tuckaseegee, and Little Tennessee Rivers. The warpath followed, in the aggregate, the same route which Over-the-Smokies Highway takes today as it winds to the top of the

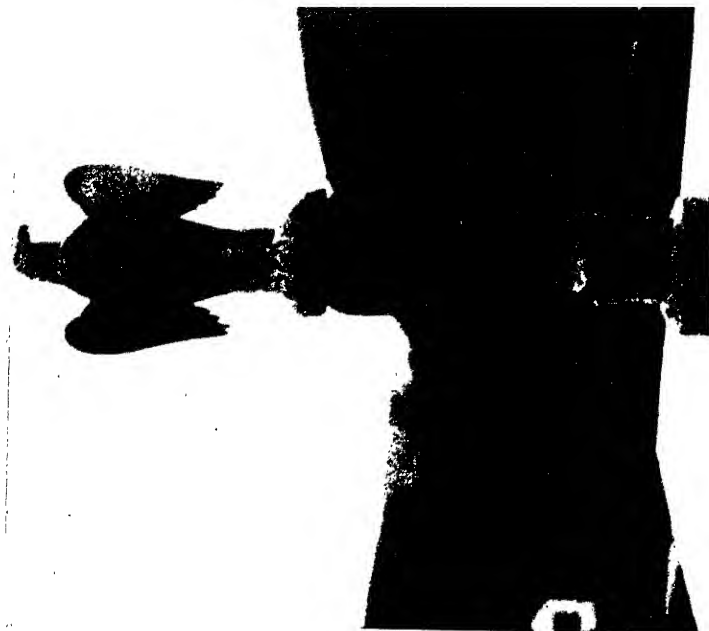


Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Left: Some Cherokee Indian mothers still carry papooses on their backs in the traditional Indian fashion. Right: Newfound Gap Highway follows, in the aggregate, a branch of the famous Great Indian Warpath over the Smokies.



Will West Long, veteran leader of ceremonial dances and teacher of the native Cherokee language. Mask at right was carved by him for use in the dances.



Photograph by Carlos C. Camibbel

mountain and down to the Cherokee Reservation, located on the very site of some of the most ancient Cherokee towns.

As the traveler follows, in his deluxe car, the rock strewn stream that pointed the way for the old Indian trail, and ascends its narrowing, steep-sloped valley, set with ravines, precipices, and deep moist coves where impenetrable labyrinths of rhododendron and other shrubs flourish, it is easy to imagine shadowy, fantastic companies of warriors moving silently along its banks with eagle feathers nodding in their stiffened scalp locks. For the region is still so lonely and wild, through much of its extent, that the shrill war-whoop of a red-skin or the twang of his bow and arrow would not seem discordant even today.

This makes it extremely fitting that the last remnant of the once great Cherokee Nation now living east of the Mississippi is to be found on a reservation adjoining the Great Smoky Mountains National Park—a region that has been set aside to preserve for all time, in its wild state, the last remnant of the primeval eastern mountains so dear to the heart of the Cherokee for generations.

Generations who saw their numerous tribes relentlessly driven westward, and their vast hunting grounds seized by white invaders. A territory which extended, roughly, from the Cumberland Mountains on the west to the Blue Ridge on the east; northward to the Ohio, and southward almost to Atlanta, Georgia—approximately 25,600,000 acres; which makes the 63,000-acre tract that remains to their eastern descendants seem precious little in comparison.

The average visitor to the Smokies will no doubt be surprised to find Indians in the East, when Indians with their colorful accessories, baskets, beads and pottery are associated in the minds of most travelers with the West.

The story of how some 1,200 Cherokee (numbering now, approximately 3,200) happened to be left in the North Carolina Mountains, when the main body of their nation was driven to the West a century ago, is a heroic one—the story of a few intrepid souls, of a betrayed, bewildered people, who refused to leave their ancestral lands, and fled for refuge into the mountain fastness which had preserved their forefathers in many conflicts with white and Indian marauders.

The frightened fugitives did not rely on the impregnable Smokies in vain. For their pursuers, Federal soldiers, despairing of ever finding and driving all of them out, agreed to let those who had escaped remain in their rugged wilderness, if they would surrender one of their leaders who, in his headlong dash for freedom, had killed a soldier.

One of the most heroic stories in the history of any nation is that of Tsali and his sons voluntarily facing a firing squad so that their kinsmen and friends might remain in the homeland of their fathers. The tragedy occurred during the Great Removal of the Cherokee to a western reservation in 1838. Forgotten for a hundred years by all save his tribesmen who cherished in their hearts the story of his glorious death, the drama of Tsali's heroism is being revived today in story and pageant. Fittingly, his memory is to become concrete

in the form of a monument to him at some prominent point near the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, within the borders of which, in a cave near Clingmans Dome, if legend be true, he found refuge when he fled the soldiers who were driving him and his kinsmen from their homes.

When Tsali's monument (for which funds are now, 1938, being collected by the Tsali Foundation organized in Knoxville, Tennessee), has been erected, the unflinching courage of this great Cherokee patriot will thrill the countless visitors to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park who will see his memorial and learn the story of his courageous sacrifice.

But Tsali's story belongs near the end, and not at the beginning of the tragic tale of almost two hundred years of persecution which the Cherokee nation suffered at the hands of the white man. And the story of the Cherokee, as well as that of Tsali, belong in this book because they are inseparable from the story of the Great Smoky Mountains—the gigantic stage on which both tragedies were enacted.

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park surrounds the Cherokee Indian Reservation on three sides; and many of the millions of tourists to the park will either enter or leave it through the North Carolina gateway, following Highways 107 and 112 through Qualla Reservation. So the dramatic appeal of the whole area, with its colorful Indian names, will be increased for most of these travelers when they have reviewed the poignant story of the primitive Indians who made their homes in the coves of the Smokies, and

roamed its highlands in search of game for uncounted centuries before the white man entered his Indian Eden.

The Cherokee in the foothills of the Smokies today are the descendants of the old Kituhwa element, the most conservative of the aborigines, and they still treasure the legends and repeat at their yearly festivals the mystic rituals handed down by their ancestors.

It might seem at first glance that Qualla Reservation, with its grade and high schools, its civilized code of laws, and modern modes of living and agriculture, has little to offer in variety and interest; but these mountain Indians, as we have already indicated, revere the past and are proud of their heritage of ancestral lore. In their schools they learn to read and write in Cherokee as well as in English. All of the culture, arts and crafts that are distinctly Indian are taught in the schools to encourage among the young a pride of race and heritage. Their pottery is still moulded by hand and baked near an open fire. They still weave baskets from native bamboo and from the honeysuckle vine. At their fall festival, or fair, they dance their ancient tribal dances and perform time-honored ceremonials directed by old men of the tribe.

Little more than thirty years ago, the Bureau of American Ethnology chose the eastern band of Cherokee for special study because many of its members, in the secluded coves of the Smokies, were living under the same primitive conditions as had their forefathers for generations.

The studies brought to light the greatest body of aboriginal American literature in existence; and they

made available in the works of James Mooney, ethnologist, the myths and legends that the Cherokee had woven around many of the phenomena of the Smokies—the high peaks, deep coves, rushing streams, roaring waterfalls, silent pools, great balds, impenetrable forests, and the birds, animals, and plants which they knew and loved, or feared.

The Cherokee have had many famous storytellers who have kept their myths from being lost. One of the most noted of these was Ayunini, or Old Swimmer, who was of invaluable aid to the ethnological investigators a few years ago. James Mooney has recorded the Cherokee myths and customs in his "Myths of the Cherokee," and "Sacred Formulas of the Cherokee." The former gives the history of the Cherokee in detail; and the latter the formulas used by their medicine men and conjurers who, until recent years, brewed strange concoctions to spray on their patients, or to dose them.

Will West Long is the widest known of the present-day storytellers. His cabin clings to a steep slope that rims the Big Cove at Qualla. He teaches the young the tribal dances; and he repeats and interprets many of the countless myths and legends, with their fanciful giant animals and little people, which the ancient Cherokee created to explain the natural phenomena encountered in the Smokies. To them the mountain recesses and coves were peopled with good and evil spirits. The "little people" legends of Ireland are well known, but few people realize that the Cherokee believed the same sort of spirits lived in the Smokies. The Indians regarded the "little people" as usually friendly to them.

"Chief" Long tells how the early Indians believed that all the little animals, such as squirrels, rabbits, opossums, and also the birds and snakes, had giant progenitors who were the rulers, or animal chiefs, of the respective species.

One of the huge ancestors that has a prominent place among Cherokee legends is the giant snake, Uktena, who was so very dangerous that all the Indians feared him. After repeated supplications by the Indians, he was at last miraculously moved far away, but he left other great reptiles, almost as large as he, hidden in the deep pools and dark mountain gorges, according to the legends.

The greatest giant of all those remaining was said to haunt the Nantahala Gorge. Where, every day, he shut out the light of the friendly sun by arching his huge body from one side of the gorge to the other—the Indian's ingenious explanation of the daytime twilight that lingers in the great gorge that is one of the southern gateways to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

The chief of all the rabbits was called "Great Rabbit," who, legends insist, was often seen traveling to Gregory Bald where the principal rabbit townhouses were said to be located.

The "Great White Bear" was the chief of all the bears in the Smokies and was said to live at Mulberry Place (Clingmans Dome). Bear "townhouses," similar to those the Indians themselves had, were mythically said to be under several of the other high mountains along the great divide.

A terrible ogress lived in Little River Gorge, Indian

legends assert, who especially fancied human livers as a diet. Their inexperienced minds peopled impenetrable places with monsters. Weird scenery in the Smokies that might today move the pen of a poet, they looked upon as a dwelling place of evil spirits. The very mists of the mountains took the shapes of huge beasts, which they interpreted as good or evil spirits.

For the Indian myths here mentioned, and hundreds more, with fascinating details, we are indebted to the Indian story tellers who handed them down by word of mouth until after Sequoyah invented the Cherokee alphabet in 1821; subsequently, some of the prominent medicine men and chiefs became interested in recording them. For they were wise enough to realize that their ancient legends would probably be forgotten as the Cherokee were adopting more and more the manners and customs of their white neighbors.

The tourists who visit the Smoky Mountains near the first of October will have an opportunity to witness the great Harvest Festival of the Cherokee with its fine agricultural exhibits, ceremonial dances, and athletic contests. The dances include the famous Green Corn dance, and the Bear dance. The main features of the athletic contests are the spectacular games of Indian ball, archery shooting, and blowgun competitions. It is only during such annual celebrations that the Indians may be seen in their native dress performing ancient rites.

When President Franklin D. Roosevelt visited the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in the fall of 1936, he stopped at the Cherokee Reservation and was made an honorary chief.

The President left his special train at Knoxville and motored to Clingmans Dome where he ate a picnic lunch before continuing, by way of the Indian Reservation, his 150-mile motor trip to Asheville. The Cherokee had planned a special welcome and probably two thousand of them surrounded the President's car when it stopped at the town of Cherokee. Leading men from all of their townships—Big Cove, Snowbird, Wolfstown, Birdtown, Paint-town, and Cherokee—were present.

"Chief" Carl Standing Deer performed brief rites, marked by the beating of tom-toms and supplications in the direction of the sun. He then proclaimed President Roosevelt "Chief White Eagle" of the Cherokee, and crowned him with a headdress of many feathers.

The President was shown one of the blowguns which the Indians once used to blow darts at small animals. He attentively examined the ten-foot, pole-like bamboo apparatus but smilingly refused to blow any darts. He said he hoped to visit Qualla Reservation sometime during their far-famed "harvest festival" or tribal fair, when he could see the Cherokee engaging in their ancient games and dances. Probably, if President Andrew Jackson could have paid such a visit to the Cherokee Country a hundred years ago, he would not have consented for the Cherokee to be driven from their beautiful mountains of mighty forests and tumbling streams to which they clung so passionately.

The Cherokee did not become a landless alien in his original country without a terrific struggle. But this brief outline of the story of these Indians can show but little of the courage and persistence with which they



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Upper Left: Mrs. Nina Standingdeer, making baskets at the Cherokee Fair. *Upper Right:* "Chief" Carl Standingdeer is the best archer on the reservation. *Below:* Primitive transportation methods are still used by many of the Indians.



Photograph by Carlos C. Campbell

Scene from "Spirit of the Great Smokies," a pageant often presented during the summer at the Cherokee Indian Reservation—the rugged background is Rattlesnake Mountain.

waged a contest for their very existence as a people for nearly two hundred years.

A moving pageant depicting this tragic struggle has been written by Margaret Pearson Spellman. It is called "The Spirit of the Great Smokies," and at frequent intervals during succeeding summers tourists may have an opportunity to see more than 300 descendants of aboriginal Cherokee portraying, with color and action, their nation's poignant history from the time the first white man entered their homeland in 1540 down to present-day life on Qualla Reservation. Pageants are one of the best ways of preserving and portraying Indian lore and have been widely used in National Parks in the West.

The four hundred years of the known history of the Cherokee, Miss Spellman divides into four episodes, with interludes of appropriate music and tribal dances. Many of the actors are college graduates, and some of them are the lineal offspring of such famous heroes as Tsali, Howaneetah, and Standing Wolf. The pageant is presented in an outdoor setting, with the hazy peak of Rattlesnake Mountain for a distant background. A high rock altar, on which burns a fire like the sacred one that the ancient Cherokee never allowed to die, occupies the center of the stage which is a large open space, or field, with a near backing of green trees. Small campfires smoldering in front of a number of log and grass huts give a semblance of actual life.

Many stories of a traditional nature cover the early days of these remarkable Indians, but their known history begins with 1540 when De Soto traveled among

them searching for gold. For, in the Spanish journal kept by one of De Soto's followers, there occurs the first written mention of these southern Indians; and also, it is claimed, the first reference to the lofty highlands which we now call the Great Smoky Mountains occurs in the same important document.

Since De Soto and his Spanish followers soon moved on westward to the Mississippi, the permanent impression of his visit on the Cherokee is not considered important. It is of interest in their history mainly because the account of the Spaniard's relations with the Cherokee indicates that they were friendly to these first white men until their friendship was violated. It also establishes the presence of the Cherokee in the Appalachian Highlands more than a century before there is any recorded contact between them and the English.

How long the Cherokee had inhabited this region, or whence they had come originally no one definitely knows. However, being evidently of Iroquoian descent, it seems likely, as some historians say, that their ancestors, in the remote past, left the powerful Iroquois of the North and, from the upper regions of the Ohio, drifted slowly southward, lured by the abundant game, and, after many years, established themselves in the Southern Appalachian Mountains for the same reason; and also, perhaps, for the protection they afforded them from more war-like tribes.

The Cherokee's legendary account of his presence in the Great Smoky Mountains includes the poetic statement:

"Many thousand moons ago, before the white man came over the Great Water, the Cherokee dwelt along

the banks of the rivers—Tuckaseegee, Oconaluftee, and Hiwassee.”

The original nucleus of the Eastern Cherokee, it is said, settled on the Tuckaseegee River just above present-day Bryson City, in Swain County, North Carolina. They called this ancient settlement Kituhwagi. Its inhabitants were called Ani-Kituhwagi, or the people of Kituhwa. On ceremonial occasions the Cherokee still speak of themselves as the “People of Kituhwa.”

Although the English settled Jamestown in 1607—today, just a few hours by motor from the Cherokee lands in the Smokies—almost fifty years elapsed before the English at Jamestown heard of them from the Virginia Powhatans, who called the Cherokee “Richahockans.”

By 1646 traders from English outposts were driving their pack-horses farther and farther into the wilderness. Always men of daring, unafraid to pit themselves against the immensity and violence of an unknown region, these traders were soon to set the gates to the Great Smoky Mountains ajar, although no Englishman had as yet passed beyond the great mountain barriers, and distorted stories spread as to what lay west of them. Such tales aroused the curiosity of two bold English traders, James Needham and Gabriel Arthur. In 1673 they set out from Fort Henry, modern Petersburg, Virginia, for the unknown region beyond the mountains.

The route they traveled is mostly a matter of conjecture, but it seems certain from the scanty, indirect record available that they reached some of the Chero-

kee towns on the tributaries of the Little Tennessee River. The Cherokee, according to the record, received these first English traders with friendly welcome. However, when Needham saw fit to return to the Indian settlement a short time later, for some unexplained reason, he was killed, and his adventurous heart was cut out. Arthur, who barely escaped being burned at the stake, by the intercession of the chief warrior of the town, finally made his way back to Fort Henry with his gruesome story.

Early contact by the Virginians with the Cherokee is further evidenced by the recorded fact that an Irish trader by the name of Dougherty had begun to live with them by 1690.

By 1700 the traders had added guns and rum to their articles of barter. Many of them, by this time, were on extremely friendly terms with the Cherokee and lived among them most of the year. "Besides his store, rude house, horses, and cattle, such a trader often had an Indian wife and a brood of half-breed children." Crude and elemental, molded as he was by the exigencies of frontier life, he did not hesitate to seek protection from more than one danger by marrying a Cherokee girl when he wished to take up residence in one of their towns. Early records mention the great beauty, patience, and industry of some of the Cherokee wives of pioneer traders. Many of the later leaders of the Cherokee nation were the sons and grandsons of white traders—John Ross is one of the most noted.

Oklahoma's most famous native son of modern times, Will Rogers, had Cherokee Indian blood in his veins, of ancestors who once lived in the Great Smokies. His

mother was one-fourth Cherokee; and his father, a one time Indian trader, whom his famous son always called "Chief," was one-eighth Cherokee.

The Cherokee towns in which the early white traders went to live were located in three groups: In the north-western corner of South Carolina were established the settlements referred to by the early traders as the Lower Towns; in southwestern North Carolina, in the region of Qualla Reservation, were the Middle Towns; and across the Smokies, in southeastern Tennessee were the Overhill, or Upper Towns. Echota, or Chota, on the south side of the Little Tennessee River, a short distance below Citico Creek in Monroe County, Tennessee, was the ancient capital and sacred "peace town" of the Nation.

The Cherokee, Creeks, and other Indian tribes, as well as the ancient Hebrews, had "peace towns, or towns of refuge." We read in Deuteronomy that Moses designated three cities on the east side of Jordan, "that a slayer might flee thither which should kill his neighbor unawares and hated him not in times past, and that fleeing into one of these cities he might live." Among the Cherokee even the wilful murderer was safe in one of the "peace towns" provided he stayed there. Sometimes the grief of the bereaved relatives and friends could be assuaged with gifts, and the murderer would be free to leave the "peace town."

This is just one of the many laws of the aboriginal Indians which closely parallel laws of the Biblical Hebrews. One custom in particular resembles that of early Semitic tribes: All aboriginal Indians except the Cherokee, mutilated the faces of their women guilty of

adultery, just as the old Hebrew law required. Because the Cherokee had no law designed to punish adultery, Adair says that they were ridiculed by other tribes and described as under "petticoat" rule. Although there were no laws against this social offense, the early records of the Cherokee cite many instances of individual punishment meted out for it by the outraged husband and his relatives.

In one of the Overhill Towns in Tennessee, a Cherokee woman was found with her lover by her husband. Suiting the punishment to the deed as they undoubtedly thought, the chief and his brothers took her to the woods near the town, spread-eagled her and left her to be the victim of any roaming Indian who cared to punish her.

One of the earliest important Overhill Towns, one visited and described by the pioneer botanist, Bartram, was called "Tanase," an early spelling of Tennessee—unfortunately the meaning of the name has been lost. Talassee, Toqua, Chilhowee, Hiwassee, and Tellico were also the names of old Indian towns in Tennessee.

Today, only an occasional mound, bit of pottery, or other Indian relic marks these Cherokee town-sites on the Tennessee side of the Smokies. But many modern towns, as well as mountains, rivers, lakes and other natural features bear names which memorialize the Cherokee's occupation of the Smoky Mountains region, and serve to remind us of his association with the romance of its early history.

Just a few of the musical Cherokee name-words that visitors hear on a trip in the North Carolina and Tennessee Smokies are: Mount Winnesoka, Chilhowee

Mountains, Nantahala Gorge, Cowee Mountains, Mount Yonaguska, Mount Sequoyah, Anakeesta Ridge, Oconaluftee River, Tuckasegee River, Lake Cheoah, Cataloochee Ranch, and Ekaneetlee Gap.

One or more traditions as to the meaning and the origin of some of these Indian names may be heard, while the origin of others has been entirely lost. For instance, the name "Nantahala" is derived from two Indian words meaning "noonday" and refers to the day-long twilight which prevails in the gorge, except at noonday. The meaning of Tallassee, on the other hand, is not known, although it was once the name of an old Indian settlement in Blount County, Tennessee, and clings to the region today as the euphonious name of a summer resort near the park—Tallassee Springs.

The harsher-sounding, but usually vividly descriptive, names given to natural features in the Smokies by the Anglo-Saxon pioneer offer a sharp contrast to the musical Indian names. For example: Sheepback Knob, Shuckstack Gap, Bear Pen Hollow, Defeat Ridge, Brier Knob, Charlie's Bunion, Chimney Tops, Fightin' Creek Gap, Jump Up Ridge, Rocky Top, and Woolly Tops are just a few of the homely names that require no interpretation.

Some of the names the Cherokee gave to common wildflowers are particularly apt: The May apple, with its umbrella shaped top, he called "uniskwetúgi," meaning "it wears a hat"; the black-eyed Susan was "Rudbeckia," the "deer-eye"; to the rock lichen he gave the homely name of "pot scrapings," "Utsaléta"; mistletoe, because it never grows alone, the Cherokee named "Událi," "it is married."

In the same way as did the Cherokee, and as scientists frequently do, the mountaineer has given picturesque names to wildflowers on the basis of one or more outstanding characteristics.

That lovely tree, the *halesia*, which we call silverbell, or snowdrop, because of its fragile, drooping white, or pale pink flowers, the native calls "peawood" because of the light green shade of its tender leaves; he also calls it "rattle-box" tree, because its seed-pods with their four broad wings rustle incessantly in the wind.

The mountaineer has named *Leucothoe* "doghobble" because in massed growths it is difficult for even a dog to penetrate.

To the wahoo or burning bush shrub, a member of the staff tree family, *Celastraceae*, the mountaineer has given a number of descriptive names. Because the seed-pod bursts open in early fall and shows its orange-colored seeds against a deep crimson heart, he calls it "hearts-a-bustin' "—(with love) has been added, but not by the mountaineer. Some of the other names for this decorative shrub are strawberry bush, jewel box, and swamp willow—called the latter because of its preference for the banks of streams.

It is readily to be seen that the aboriginal Cherokee, and the mountaineer who usurped his homeland, have both contributed their part to the rich store of colorful traditions in the Smokies.

CHAPTER X

A Buried Hatchet Dug Up

CHEROKEE CULTURE; ARTIFACTS; CONFLICTS WITH COLONISTS

ALTHOUGH the towns of the Cherokee were found, except for a few outlying settlements, in the limited sections mentioned at the close of the previous chapter, their hunting grounds included the great territory pointed out at the beginning of the story. However, much of the larger area was a sort of Indian no-man's land, where many tribes hunted but none dared to live. The fertile coves of the Smokies, besides being a safe place to dwell, appealed to the Cherokee because they were in the agricultural stage of their development.

The women did the work in the fields and the cooking. They also fashioned clothes from the skins of animals, made pottery from clay, ground corn with the old mortar and pestle mills, and wove baskets. The men, when not defending their villages from the attack of other tribes (historians declare that the Cherokee were rarely the aggressors in inter-tribal warfare), roamed the Smokies in search of game, fished in the streams, and rode in dug-out canoes on the rivers—ancient dug-out canoes can occasionally be seen on Oconaluftee River near Qualla Reservation at the present time.

The homes of the Cherokee today compare favorably

with those of white communities in the Appalachians. Some of them are one-, two-, or three-roomed houses constructed of logs or boards; others are well-built, painted frame houses with modern improvements. But the towns of the aboriginal Cherokee were clusters of rude huts built of upright logs, interlaced with bamboo, and thatched with grass. Sometimes these were plastered inside and out with clay.

Each large and important town had a town-house that seated about 500 Indians. In it, all public business was transacted and tribal celebrations were held. It was constructed of wood and covered with earth. According to Timberlake, the town-house looked like a small mound at a distance. The seats were raised one above the other, and arranged in the form of an amphitheater in the oblong structure. The principal chief sat in the center near the sacred fire, with the lesser chiefs close by. The only openings were a very narrow door, and a hole to let out the smoke. Early writers say that the latter seldom functioned and the smoke was often almost suffocating.

From various stones the Cherokee made tomahawks, axes, and other tools; spearheads and arrowheads were made from flint and quartzite; awls, fish hooks, needles, and such sharp instruments were made of bone; beads, gorgets, hairpins, and similar ornaments were carved out of conch shells; cooking pots, eating pots, water jars, and numerous other domestic utensils were fashioned from clay; and great varieties of pipes were carved from different suitable stones. The perfection which the Cherokee achieved in these arts, and their well-established domestic habits, have caused them to be

likened to the more civilized Incas and Aztecs of South America and Mexico.

The Cherokee, like other primitive Indians, buried various possessions with the bodies of their dead, and great quantities of Indian artifacts have been found near the Smokies where their towns and burial grounds were located. And numerous articles of the chase—spearheads, arrowheads, axes, etc.—have been found in nearly all parts of the Smokies and are still being picked up on primitive trails and in secluded places.

All vestiges of Cherokee life, however, are fast disappearing from this region, according to George D. Barnes, the South's leading collector of Cherokee relics, who has made thirteen complete collections. To do this, he has explored hundreds of Indian mounds, and examined 20,000 Indian skeletons. In one grave he found the bony arms of a little Indian girl encircling the skeleton of her dog. From such findings Mr. Barnes has reconstructed many stories of poignant grief and love in the lives of the aboriginal Cherokee.

Mr. Barnes's latest, and probably the last complete group of Cherokee artifacts which will ever be assembled, he has set up in his Cherokee museum at Gatlinburg, the western gateway to the Great Smoky Mountains. Some of these relics are extremely rare and not duplicated even in the large eastern museums. Happily, Mr. Barnes is civic-minded and feels that this collection with its rare pieces should remain in its native setting—the Great Smoky Mountains. Especially since it is unlikely any more large finds of Cherokee artifacts will be made. For scientists, equipped with maps of all Cherokee mounds, townsites, and

burial grounds, have combed the entire territory. As early as 1870, E. O. Dunning of Harvard College headed a group of scientists who spent two years in the Cherokee Country hunting Indian relics.

Many other archeologists followed Dunning. Probably the most elaborate expedition was engineered by C. V. Moore of the Philadelphia Academy of Science. He arrived in a large river boat and thoroughly searched all the ancient townsites on the Tennessee River and its tributaries. Mr. Barnes has himself covered much of the Cherokee region and predicts that within ten years every vestige of Cherokee life will have disappeared. Not only because such quantities of artifacts have been taken away already, but also because much of the remaining, little-explored Indian territory is now under water, or soon will be, since a number of large dams have been built in the vicinity of the old Cherokee land, and still others are under construction.

The Barnes's artifacts have been described as the South's outstanding collection by Dr. F. M. Setzler of the Smithsonian Institute, and by Dr. Warren K. Moorehead of Philip's Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, foremost authority on Indian lore in the United States.

Few people will fail to feel the mute appeal for a better understanding of ancient Cherokee character and culture in the presence of 15,000 articles once associated with their intimate daily life. Through their artifacts the home-life of the aboriginal Cherokee becomes concrete and visible, if viewed with sympathetic understanding. Thus considered, the pottery baby

rattles, toy bears, small eating pots (in designs to give joy to the young), and tiny strings of beads which Mr. Barnes has found in the graves of Cherokee children indicate parental love, being evidences of primitive attempts to please their offspring.

A double compartment cooking pot, the first double boiler perhaps, shows the inceptive and inventive ability of their early pottery makers. Ingenious skill is further displayed in the designs of their eating pots, which are modeled to represent familiar objects—a sea shell, bear, beaver, frog, turtle, dog, etc. Each pot, adapted to the shape of the animal represented, is startling in its excellence of line and detail. One small pot has the shape of a moccasin—only two of this design have ever been found. One unique bowl has thirteen perfect little handles. The sizes of these molded vessels vary from half an inch to twenty-two inches in diameter.

The Cherokee made their sharp implements of bone—needles, awls, fish hooks, drills, chisels, flakers, fleshers, etc. The Barnes's collection of these is said to be the finest in the world. There are also quantities of perfect arrowheads, spearheads, axes and tomahawks of varying sizes.

It is not possible to imagine the beauty and variety of the Indian pipes which have been found. This is not surprising, for it was in pipe making that the Cherokee achieved their greatest distinction in the arts. Adair, in his *History of the North American Indian*, says that, "although many Indians made beautiful stone pipes, the most beautiful were designed by the Cherokee."

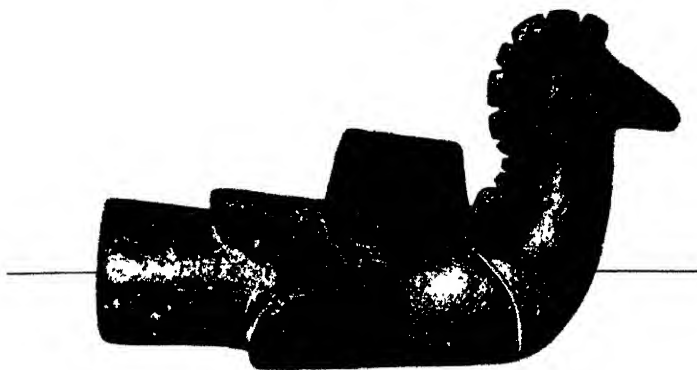
And several early records speak of the "artists" who lived with the mountain Cherokee and did nothing but manufacture pipes.

Probably the most arresting pipe in the collection is wrought in the design of two ducks swimming in tandem. The drake, clearly marked, is in front with the bowl of the pipe on his back. It is carved out of mole-colored seatite, is thirteen and three-fourths inches long, and weighs four and three-fourths pounds. It is the only double-duck pipe ever found, and was undoubtedly a celebrated peace pipe.

Another interesting pipe represents a graceful flying dove; still another depicts the Cherokee mythical bird, the thunder bird. Some animal designs include the turtle, mole and alligator, each one outstanding in its wealth of detail and perfection of portraiture.

Dr. Frank Setzler of the Smithsonian Institute says that the Barnes's museum has the finest collection of trade beads in existence. The 250 strands in the exhibit includes, he says, almost every variety of bead sold to the Cherokee by the early traders.

While such English trade with the Cherokee began with the traders from Virginia, Charleston, South Carolina—settled in 1670—had become the principal trade center by the beginning of the century. The trade trail from Charleston led to the Indian towns near present-day Pendleton, South Carolina; then across northeastern Georgia to Murphy, North Carolina, and over the mountain boundary between North Carolina and Tennessee to the towns on the Little Tennessee River.



Photographs used by courtesy of George D. Barnes

Rare artifacts in the Cherokee Indian Museum of George D. Barnes, at Gatlinburg, Tennessee.
Above: Pottery cooking pots. *Center:* Pipe carved to represent the mythical thunderbird of the Cherokee. *Below:* The only double-duck pipe ever found.



Photographs, courtesy of George D. Barnes

Above: Adjacent to, and on either side of, the kneeling "rain god" in the center are effigy water jars; at either end—effigy pots. *Below:* A vase and three "dog" water bottles—only five of the latter have ever been found.

By 1735 the Cherokee population was estimated at 17,000. An early record claims that they had 6,000 warriors and sixty-four towns. No wonder England was delighted to have them for sworn allies, a fortunate alliance that had been accomplished in a rather high-handed manner.

For several years the advance of the French in the South had caused the English a lot of uneasiness, especially when they saw the French traders gaining favor with the Cherokee.

Sir Alexander Cummings was employed to combat the French influence in the Indian country, and he undertook the job with original initiative. One day when three hundred warriors were assembled in the townhouse at Keowee, S. C., Sir Cummings strode in armed with three pistols, a gun, and a sword, and demanded their allegiance to the King of England. The Indians were greatly surprised and so tremendously impressed that they acknowledged King George as their sovereign without delay.

Later, the fast-working Cummings took six chiefs to England to clinch the treaty, and they renewed their pledges at the Palace of Whitehall, promising their friendship and trade to the English alone. For these, and other important pledges, they received some guns, ammunition, red paint, and the promise of the everlasting love of the British. No doubt the bold Cummings shook hands with himself on the spot.

The treaty of Whitehall was a tremendously important one for the British, for the Cherokee remained their friends, with only slight waverings, during the

many years of struggle for supremacy that followed, while their attitude toward the French was, for the most part, one of hostility.

Frequently Frenchmen were taken prisoners. One such trader, Antoine Bonnefoy, was captured and sold to the Indians at Great Tellico, a town near the Smokies in Tennessee. Several months later he escaped and has left an interesting account of his experiences.

At the time of Bonnefoy's captivity, a most unusual white man was living at Great Tellico—Christian Priber, a French Jesuit. He had arrived in 1736, and was suspected by the English of being a French spy. However, this does not seem to have been true. From his record he might be described as a sort of free-lance, eighteenth-century socialist with communistic ideas, acting with benevolent intent, perhaps.

Priber lived with the Indians seven years. He soon won their confidence by marrying one of them, living and dressing as they did, and by learning their language. He saw that the main weakness of the Cherokee was their lack of tribal unity, and attempted by drawing up a unique form of government to weld them into a compact political body.

The capital of the new Utopian republic was to be Great Tellico, with the chief medicine man serving as the emperor. For himself, Priber chose the key position of secretary-to-the-ruler. However, he insisted that in the new order of things there was to be no superiority—all were to be equal.

A scrutiny of Priber's plan reveals it as probably the

first example of planned economy, with a share-the-wealth clause and everything, ever proposed in America.

Not only were all to be equal, but all goods were to be held in common, with the possessions of each being equal.

Priber's plan further declared that, "according to his talents, each man is to work for the good of the republic."

Marriage contracts were declared out. The law of nature was now to be the sole law, and the women were to live with the same freedom as the men. The children who might be born were to become wards of the republic—

"Their instruction to include only those things that their genius might be able to acquire." Certainly an early recognition of the difference in the intelligence quotients of children.

Priber had a number of other ideas for cementing the Cherokee into a national unit, but his plans were rudely interrupted with his arrest as "an enemy to the public repose," by the English, and he died in prison. Priber was the first white man who tried to introduce habits of steady industry, civilized arts, and a regular form of government among the Cherokee. He is only one of the many unusual characters connected with their romantic history.

When the hostile feeling between the French and English finally culminated in the seven-year struggle known as the French and Indian War, the Cherokee, true to the treaty of Whitehall, remained allies of the

British, who built three forts in the Cherokee country to protect their Indian allies from the French, and hostile Indians—Fort Dobbs, twenty miles west of the present Salisbury, North Carolina; Fort Prince George, not far from the important Indian town, Keowee, near the headwaters of the Savannah River in South Carolina; and Fort Loudon in Tennessee, near the junction of the Tellico and Little Tennessee Rivers.

These forts were destined to play an important part in the later struggles between the Cherokee and the colonists. (Some patriotic organizations are making an effort to have historic Fort Loudon restored.)

During the long war the Cherokee suffered the loss of numerous warriors, and many of their towns were destroyed by the French and hostile Indians. As the struggle drew to a close, the Cherokee had a number of grievances against the South Carolinians: Settlers were taking more and more of their hunting grounds; soldiers from Fort Prince George were reported to have violated the warriors' wives while they had been away fighting the French; also, the English had failed to supply the guns, ammunition, and merchandise which they had promised the Indians in payment for their assistance.

Dissatisfaction spread among the Cherokee, and several outrages were reported—among them the theft of a few horses on the Virginia frontier by some Cherokee warriors. The settlers retaliated immediately in a brutal manner. Chief Attakullakulla (The Little Carpenter) did every thing in his power to maintain peace, but South Carolina declared war on the Cherokee in 1759—after the unfortunate killing of an Eng-

lish officer at Fort Prince George, and the retaliating massacre of twenty-one warriors being held as hostages in the fort, had added fuel to the flame.

It was during the war with South Carolina that Fort Loudon was besieged by the Cherokee for nearly eight months. Every horror known to early Indian warfare occurred during this siege, or after the fort surrendered. However, even this gruesome tale is brightened by the stories of Attakullakulla's kindness to the prisoners, and the loyalty of the Cherokee women who risked death at the hands of their people to carry food to their starving soldier-lovers imprisoned in the garrison. Some historians have suggested that the father of the great Sequoyah, who invented the Cherokee alphabet, may have been one of these soldiers.

The Cherokee war with South Carolina lasted almost two years. All of the Indian's Upper and Middle towns were burned, and thousands of them were slain. Those who managed to escape fled to the high Smoky Mountains, where they subsisted on roots, berries and game. The second year a scourge of smallpox broke out. Sick and starving, they signed a treaty of peace at Charleston, in the summer of 1761. It lost them more of their land and allowed a horde of settlers to sweep nearer the Smokies.

The Cherokee rebuilt their towns in the coves and almost a decade of comparative peace followed. However, Boone and other "long hunters" began to settle in Kentucky and upper East Tennessee, and the Indians were aroused to a state of uneasiness that never ceased. When they saw more and more of their hunting grounds being taken by the Colonists, it is not surpris-

ing that the Cherokee joined the British, their old allies, at the outbreak of the Revolution, hoping to stay the advance of the pioneers.

Settlers in North and South Carolina immediately united forces to destroy the Upper and Lower Towns of the Cherokee. The old men, women, and children fled again to the fastness of the Great Smoky Mountains, leaving their smoking towns and desolated fields behind them. Were the treeless "balds" on the mountain tops their refuge camps, is a question scientists are asking?

Not long afterward the Overhill towns were destroyed, and many who escaped pushed farther southward into lower Tennessee and Georgia. This marked the beginning of Cherokee settlements in these regions.

By 1781 the Middle Towns in North Carolina had been rebuilt, and were again sending out raiding parties against the back settlements. John Sevier determined to end these attacks and early in March, with 150 "picked" horsemen, he left Fort Lee in upper East Tennessee and crossed the Great Smoky Mountains over trails no white man had ever attempted before, according to the record, and so very rough in places that it was difficult to lead their horses. Sevier's exact route is not definitely known. However, tradition says, he arrived by way of Mount Sterling Gap and Joanthan's Creek, in North Carolina, bursting into the Indian Country at Soco Gap.

He destroyed the ancient town of Tuckaseegee, two other principal towns, and three smaller settlements. The Indians were entirely off-guard, and Sevier escaped with the loss of only one man. In Colonel Campbell's

report of this raid, the high mountains between North Carolina and Tennessee are spoken of as the "Great Smoky Mountains" for the first time in historical papers.

Their British allies were able to do little for them, and the Cherokee continued in desperate straits during the remainder of the Revolutionary War. And so, completely crushed in spirit, the Cherokee made their first treaty of peace with the new United States Government at Hopewell, South Carolina, in the winter of 1785. The meeting lasted ten days, almost a thousand warriors were in attendance, and the treaty was signed by thirty-seven chiefs from different towns. Needless to say, the Cherokee lost more territory.

If the frontiersmen in Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Carolinas had not crossed the boundary lines established at the treaty of Hopewell, the history of the Cherokee and that of the Great Smoky Mountains might have been a different story. But, ten years before the close of the eighteenth century, the Secretary of War was moved to declare: "The disgraceful violation of the treaty of Hopewell with the Cherokee requires the serious consideration of Congress." He further pointed out that neither the lawless whites who had broken the treaty, nor the Indians, could have any faith in a government that "made treaties and established boundaries on paper only."

Although the government issued a proclamation forbidding further encroachment upon their territory, the Cherokee continued to lose more lands, and hostilities between them and the settlers did not cease until John Sevier and other noted Indian fighters had again com-

pletely destroyed their towns in Tennessee and Georgia.

The Cherokee had fought every inch of the way for their territory, but by the close of the century they were completely discouraged, and had ceded more large tracts of land in Tennessee, North Carolina, and Kentucky to the white settlers. The invaders seemed satisfied, and the Cherokee were to enjoy a few years of peace with their white neighbors.

It is interesting to note, considering the number of their conflicts with the colonists, that William Bartram, the botanist, who traveled among them not long before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, describes the Cherokee as of a "hospitable character, and a friendly disposition." Lieutenant Henry Timberlake, who was a peace ambassador among them a few years before Bartram's visit, describes them in a similar way in his interesting *Memoirs*, which certainly indicates that men who went to their country for reasons other than personal gain, and treated them kindly, met with sincere hospitality and friendliness from the Cherokee.

While the stories of Indian outrages are numerous in the histories of Tennessee and North Carolina, it puts a different construction on them when we consider that the Cherokee were following an age-old instinct—that of defending their native land; a land that was their sacred heritage from their ancestors and proportionately dear. They were fighting for their country just as any patriot does when the need arises.

A traveler in the North Carolina mountains, in 1890, tells the following story; though crudely expressed, it illustrates the point. The man had a native guide and something brought up the subject of the Civil War.

"Were you in the war?" the traveler asked the native.

"Stranger, I were," he replied with a hurt expression. He was both hurt and angry when asked which side he was on; for the Confederacy had no better troops than the "tar-heels" who, it is said, "walked on their toes to the front, and stuck their tarred heels into the ground on their retreat."

"I were with Ranson, in ole Virginia," the mountaineer said proudly. "I had half this hand shot off, and I were thar nigh to the eend—in the hospital at Petersburg. I were shot purty nigh the last. Hit wuz when we wuz tryin' to git out'n Petersburg afore the Yankee line lapped round us."

The traveler said he looked at the mountaineer's stub of a hand and, motioning toward it, asked, "Why didn't you hide in the mountains like some of the others?"

The unlettered man of the highlands then expressed, tersely, the spirit that has motivated man since time was, regardless of race—

"Ef I lived in a groun'-hog hole, I'd fight fur hit."

Without doubt the Cherokee were inspired by the same ideal when the backwoodsmen descended upon their homeland.

CHAPTER XI

"And There Was a Remnant Left"

CIVIC PROGRESS; THE GREAT REMOVAL; THE STORY OF TSALI

A NEW era for the Cherokee seemed to dawn with the nineteenth century. Despite the numbers who had been slain, or starved, during their years of conflict with the pioneers, they were still a compact group of 20,000 people, and owned a country nearly equal in extent to the present state of Tennessee. About half of it was in northern Alabama and Georgia, and the remainder was in the beautiful mountain regions of North Carolina and Tennessee—their original homelands.

For the first time in their history the Cherokee were free to practice the arts of civilization. That they had attempted to do so even before the Revolution is evidenced by the reports of the generals who laid waste their towns in 1776. They speak of destroying large quantities of many kinds of vegetables, fruit trees, buildings, and other "white-man-like" improvements. Later destroyers, Sevier, Campbell, and others, tell of the surprising abundance and variety of vegetables, fruit trees, and domestic animals found in the Cherokee settlements.

However, the white people did not encourage them in these pursuits until 1791, when the United States

government undertook a civilizing policy by giving them free seeds and farming tools. But their greatest progress was brought about by the Christian missionaries who established schools among them. The Moravians located a mission at Springplace, Georgia, in 1801, and other denominations soon followed their lead.

In less than a decade after the mission schools were established, many of the Cherokee could read and write English, and better ways of living had been introduced among them. The majority of the Cherokee nation, the progressives, were willing for the plow and the loom to become their principal means of livelihood instead of the gun and fishhook. Some of the conservatives who did not approve of the new order of existence moved to lands beyond the Mississippi where the hunting and fishing were good.

This dissatisfaction among some of the Cherokee caused the Federal government to suggest at intervals during the first part of the nineteenth century that the Cherokee cede their lands in the East, and go to a territory that would be set aside for them in the West. But the main body of the nation always declared that they had no desire to go where they were sure to revert to their former crude way of life.

The Cherokee made a decided step forward when they gave up clan revenge in 1810. A little later they showed their sincere friendship for the Americans by refusing to join the Creeks against them. Instead, they united with Andrew Jackson's forces against the Creeks and proved of invaluable assistance. A Cherokee chief, Junaluska, is said to have saved Jackson's life, which he later openly regretted, because of Jackson's utter indif-

ference to the fate of the Cherokee. Chief Junaluska is buried at Robbinsville, N. C.

An event occurred in 1821 that greatly promoted the intellectual progress of the Cherokee. An alphabet for their language was invented by George Guess (or Geist), a mixed-blood who was known to the Cherokee as Sequoyah. Sequoyah lived with his mother near old Fort Loudon, in Tennessee. A middle-aged man who could not read, write, or speak English, Sequoyah had often reflected on the tremendous advantage it gave the white people to be able to put talk on paper where it "remembered itself."

He began to seek a sensible picture plan for writing Cherokee, and after twelve years of effort, in the face of ridicule and discouragement, he worked out an alphabet of eighty-five characters, each one representing a syllable of sound. Because of its remarkable adaptation to the language, it was only necessary to learn the characters to be able to read and write. Studying Sequoyah's syllabary became a national pastime, and in just a few months thousands of Cherokee could read and write their own language. It is said that only the English alphabet exceeds Sequoyah's syllabary in perfection, and many honors were later accorded him for his contribution to the advancement of his nation.

The missionaries saw in the alphabet a means of furthering their work, and in a few years a number of Bible translations had been made and widely distributed in the Nation. The Cherokee National Council was also quick to see the importance of Sequoyah's invention, and as soon as type could be secured, in 1828, began publishing a newspaper, *The Cherokee Phoe-*

nix, printed in both English and Cherokee. The previous year the Cherokee had adopted a constitution similar to that of the United States, and had become a distinct and sovereign nation. John Ross, an educated Indian, was president. A true patriot, he later went with his exiled people to the West, and spent fifty years of his life in unselfish service for the Cherokee Nation.

The Cherokee's progress in their upward climb toward civilization did not bring pleasure to numbers of white people. They were looking with greed toward the fertile farms and virgin forests of the Cherokee country. And the National government and the state governments, in the states where the Cherokee held lands, had persisted in their efforts all through the Cherokee era of prosperity to get them to exchange their country for lands west of the Mississippi. But the Cherokee always replied: "This is the land of our fathers; we belong here; we could never be happy any place except where nature has planted us."

Demands for the removal of the Indians grew louder when the news spread that gold had been found in the Cherokee territory, by a little Indian boy playing on the banks of the Chestatee River in northern Georgia. Unscrupulous white people seized the immediate vicinity, and prospectors began roaming the mountains. The result was inevitable—gold was discovered again; this time on Ward's Creek, a branch of the Chestatee nearer the Smokies.

Nothing could have so inflamed the white people's lust for the Cherokee lands as this second discovery of gold. The Federal government had failed to make the Indians cede their lands, and so the state of Georgia

took matters into her own hands. The laws that were quickly enacted took over, by annexation, all the Cherokee territory lying within the state, and gave the state jurisdiction over it all. Georgia's right to do this was denied by the United States Supreme Court; but Georgia, defying the supreme judicial authority, continued to confiscate Cherokee land and distribute it by public lottery to the white people.

John Ross and the Cherokee Council appealed to Congress and President Andrew Jackson to save their lands—they counted on the friendship of Jackson because of the service the Cherokee had rendered him against the Creeks. Jackson's sympathies were with Georgia and he turned a deaf ear to all the Cherokee delegations sent to Washington.

At last, despairing of successful opposition to the white people who had been taking their lands, strip by strip, for two hundred years, a small faction of the Cherokee under the leadership of John Ridge signed a preliminary treaty of removal in 1835. Two years were given them in which to accomplish their removal.

Less than five hundred of the sixteen thousand Cherokee population were present at the signing of the treaty, although new blankets and other inducements had been promised to all those who would attend the meeting. John Ross, the National Council, and the main body of the Cherokee Nation rejected the treaty, and at the end of the two years allotted for removal only a few Cherokee had gone west.

This was undoubtedly because they did not think the treaty would be consummated. They could not believe that with a national press, a constitution, a good system

of home education, many well-developed industries, and a government administered by educated Christian men that they would be forcibly driven from their country—their beautiful homeland; every mountain, river, and cove of it rich in Cherokee legends, myths, and sacred memories.

However, at the expiration of the treaty in 1838, "public clamor for dispossession of the Indians" brought a detachment of 7,000 soldiers under General Winfield Scott to the Cherokee country to effect their removal. The troops were placed at various points throughout the Cherokee nation, where they hastily built stockade forts. From the forts the soldiers were sent to search out with rifle and bayonet every cove or mountainside where an Indian cabin nestled.

The families were seized at breakfast, in the fields, or wherever they might be found, and driven on foot, often many miles, to the forts. There they were held until their removal could be accomplished. Frequently they were allowed no time to take anything with them except the clothes they had on. The well-furnished houses which they left were soon stripped of everything valuable by the petty thieves who followed in the wake of the soldiers. It is said that even ancient mounds and graves were robbed.

To prevent escape, the soldiers usually surrounded a house without warning. One Indian woman, surprised in the midst of her morning chores and unwilling to leave her chickens and pigs hungry, rushed to feed them before fastening her baby on her back, and started the weary march to the fort, with a child clinging to either hand.

Finding soldiers surrounding his house, one ancient man called his children and grandchildren around him. Kneeling, he prayed in Cherokee, while the confused and shamed military force waited in silence.

Contrary to General Scott's expectations, his soldiers experienced little difficulty—a general uprising among the Indians had been predicted. But the discouraged, heartbroken people left their homes with tears streaming down their faces, without resistance, except in a few instances.

The old man Tsali, already mentioned, was one of those who rebelled at the brutal treatment of the soldiers. (Tsali is pronounced by "Chief" Standing Deer of Qualla Reservation as though it were spelled "Chaley." In English, he is affectionately referred to as "Old Charley.")

Tsali lived in a remote cove of the Smokies. His two older sons and a brother lived near by. Early in May General Scott's proclamation had been made. It said: "Before another moon shall full every Cherokee man, woman, and child must be on his way to the West." Tsali and his kinsmen waited stoically. Many times his forefathers had been driven into the mountains by the white people. Now, he and his children were to be driven out of them forever. At last it had come—the thing his ancestors had feared, and the prophets had foretold. Tsali's heart burned. But what could a few Indians do against hordes of armed soldiers—the guns of the Indians had been taken many months before, at the time of their enrollment for removal.

The laurel bloomed, turned brown, and dropped to

the ground, and still the soldiers had not found Tsali's house in the distant cove. He planted his crop and tended it as usual. He sometimes went hunting, and as he breathed the soft air on the high mountains, hope came to him—perhaps the soldiers would not find him; perhaps he, and some of the other Indians, in the more remote coves, would be forgotten and left to keep the sacred fires burning in the land of their fathers—often in times past the homes in the hills had been spared when those in the valleys had been laid waste.

Then one day Tsali stepped to the door of his hut and saw the rays of the late afternoon sun gleaming on the bayonets of soldiers surrounding his house. Tsali, his wife, and small son, Wasituna, were seized. In just a few minutes the families of Tsali's brother, and those of his two older sons were added to the procession hastening down the mountain. The silence was broken only by the oaths of the soldiers who were driving their prisoners at full speed in order to get out of the mountains before night. Tsali's wife was no longer young, and began to tire. A soldier prodded her with his bayonet. The faces of the Indians did not change, but anger burned deep in their hearts; and Tsali spoke in Cherokee in low guttural tones to his kinsmen.

Without a warning movement, and with lightning quickness, each Indian sprang upon the nearest soldier and wrested his gun from his hands. In the commotion a gun was discharged and a soldier was killed. The rest fled and vanished in the gathering gloom. The Indians immediately escaped into the rugged mountains and sought refuge in a secret cave or bluff on a

shoulder of Clingmans Dome, near the headwaters of Deep Creek. (No cave has been found in this region, but there are cave-like bluffs.)

Although several hundred Cherokee besides Tsali were in hiding in the high mountains along the border line between North Carolina and Tennessee, 17,000 men, women, and children had been gathered into the stockades by midsummer. Three or four thousand were loaded into boats and sent down the Tennessee River. So many of them died before they reached the Mississippi, that John Ross, and other leading Cherokee men, begged General Scott to let the rest make the trip by land, under their own chiefs, after the hot or "sickly" season had passed. This was granted, provided that all would be on their way by the 20th of October.

Officers were appointed by the Cherokee Council to take charge of the emigration. On the date set, approximately 13,000 gathered at Rattlesnake Springs, near the present Charleston, Tennessee. The sick, the old people, and the smaller children were loaded into wagons with the blankets and cooking pots. In regiments numbering nearly a thousand each, the exiles started their weary journey—a pilgrimage that was to exceed in death and misery the far-sung exile of the Acadians.

They crossed to the north side of the Hiwassee River at a ferry above Gunstocker Creek, and then proceeded down its bank. At Tucker's ferry, a short distance above Jolly's Island, at the mouth of the Hiwassee, they crossed the Tennessee River. The route they then followed lay south of Pikeville, and through McMinnville to Nashville, where they crossed the Cumberland. At

Hopkinsville, Kentucky, their chief, White-path, died and was buried by the side of the road. Every day between twenty and thirty died, and the journey has gone down in history as the "March of Death," or the "Trail of Tears." The devoted wife of John Ross was one of those buried along the way.

After many weary weeks the exiles reached the Ohio River and crossed at a ferry near the mouth of the Cumberland. With their wagons full of sick and dying they wended their way through southern Illinois. It was midwinter by the time they reached the Mississippi, opposite Cape Girardeau, Missouri. They found the vast stream choked with ice, and hundreds of them died while they waited without shelter in the icy winds for the channel to clear.

Finally a crossing was effected and the last long trek through Missouri to Indian Territory was accomplished. It was March when they reached their destination—six months after they had started. 4000 Cherokee are estimated to have perished during removal—not counting the unknown number who hid and perished in the mountains from hunger and cold.

It is with those who survived exposure and starvation in the mountains that the rest of this story has to do, for their descendants are the Indians who still cling to the woods and waters of their old homeland near the Smokies.

As soon as the main body of the Cherokee were on their way west, General Scott directed his attention toward those who had eluded capture, or escaped, during the round-up.

The census that had been taken preparatory to re-

moval indicated that the fugitives numbered more than a thousand. Most of them were of the conservative old Kituhwa element of North Carolina. They had chosen the brave chiefs, Utsali (Lichen) and Yonaguska for their leaders, and they had established camps on the high peaks near the headwaters of Oconaluftee.

Winter had hardly begun before General Scott realized that he could never drive the Indians from the fastness of the Smoky Mountains, for the fugitive Cherokee, although suffering greatly from hunger and cold, defied every effort to effect their capture, and swore never to leave their country alive. But unwilling to admit defeat, General Scott seized upon the death of the soldier which had occurred when Tsali had escaped as an incident by which to effect a compromise. He sent a message to Utsali through William Thomas, a white trader. Thomas, who was well liked by the Indians, had been adopted when a boy by Yonaguska (Drowning-bear), chief of all the Cherokee living on the Tuckaseegee and Oconaluftee Rivers.

In the message to Utsali General Scott offered to take his soldiers out of the mountains, and promised to try to get the Federal Government's permission for the chief and his followers to remain, if Utsali would find Tsali and his kinsmen and deliver them to the General for punishment; if he did not comply, General Scott threatened to bring thousands of soldiers to find and destroy every hidden Cherokee.

The old chief's heart was bitter, for his own wife and son had starved in the mountains, and his sympathies were with Tsali and his sons. But what could he do? It was better for one or two to die than for all to perish

in the mountains. So, sorrowfully, Chief Utsali agreed to find Tsali and his sons and send them in, for the sake of the rest of his followers.

It was then that Thomas, called affectionately by the Indians, Wil-Usdi, or "Little Will," decided to go to Tsali and explain the situation to him. Alone, following a secret trail, Thomas reached the cave on Clingmans after many hours of climbing. Tsali listened to the words of his white friend and said simply: "We will come in; we do not want to be hunted by our own people."

By command of General Scott, Tsali, his two older sons, and his brother were taken to a place near the mouth of the Tuckaseegee in the foothills of the Smokies and shot. A group of Cherokee were forced to do the shooting, to impress upon the Indians their helplessness, it is said. Wasituna was spared because of his youth.

Tsali's sacrifice would have been in vain, however, if it had not been for William Thomas. Due to his persistent efforts at Washington, the government finally, in 1842, agreed for the refugees to remain in their mountain homeland, and gave Thomas part of the money that had been promised to the Cherokee for their confiscated homesteads. When Thomas returned, on horseback, from Washington with the funds, the Indians besought him to buy back their lands. But North Carolina refused to acknowledge them as land-owners; and so Thomas bought several tracts of their original possessions on Oconaluftee for the Cherokee, and held the deed in his own name; as their recognized agent and trustee. He was also their Chief, for he had

been so appointed by Yonaguska shortly before his death in 1839.

The land purchased by Thomas, and a few additional tracts, make up the 63,000 acres of the present Qualla Reservation—so named from Thomas's principal trading store in North Carolina, on a branch of Soco Creek. (Qualla, "Kwali," is the Cherokee form for Polly, the name of an old woman who formerly lived near the store.)

Thomas was elected to the North Carolina state senate, in 1848, and served until the outbreak of the Civil War. He voted with his colleagues for secession and then resigned to help the Confederacy. He organized the "Thomas Legion"—four companies of about four hundred men, made up principally of his own Cherokees. They acted as frontier guards in the region of the Great Smoky Mountains and held it for the South.

An important road built by Thomas and his men lead from the old Indian Gap Trail to Alum Cave Bluff, almost half way up the South side of Mount LeConte. The Confederacy needed the saltpeter found here for making gunpowder. The present trail to the bluff follows the old route in places.

In order to protect this important mine from possible seizure by Union troops, Thomas, in the first year of the war, moved his men to the western gateway of this wild mountain region, White Oak Flats, or Gatlinburg, as the settlement was beginning to be known.

Major Thomas built a blockhouse and a number of huts for his Indian soldiers on Burg Hill, near the present Mountain View Hotel. Although he occupied

this position for many months only one battle occurred. Union soldiers were sent against Thomas on December 9, 1863. A detachment of 150 horsemen of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry arrived by way of Fightin' Creek Gap from Wear's Valley. They were joined by another troop from Pigeon Forge. The next day they attacked; and, greatly outnumbered, Thomas and his Indians were forced to retreat; some went by Roarin' Fork Creek, and others found their way back through Indian Gap to North Carolina. Felling trees across the road to keep the Cavalry from following them, they saved the saltpeter mine on LeConte for the Confederacy. Only one Indian was killed, and the Union soldiers suffered no fatalities, although two or three were wounded.

The Battle of Gatlinburg is of interest mainly because it was the last battle fought between the Indians and white people in the East.

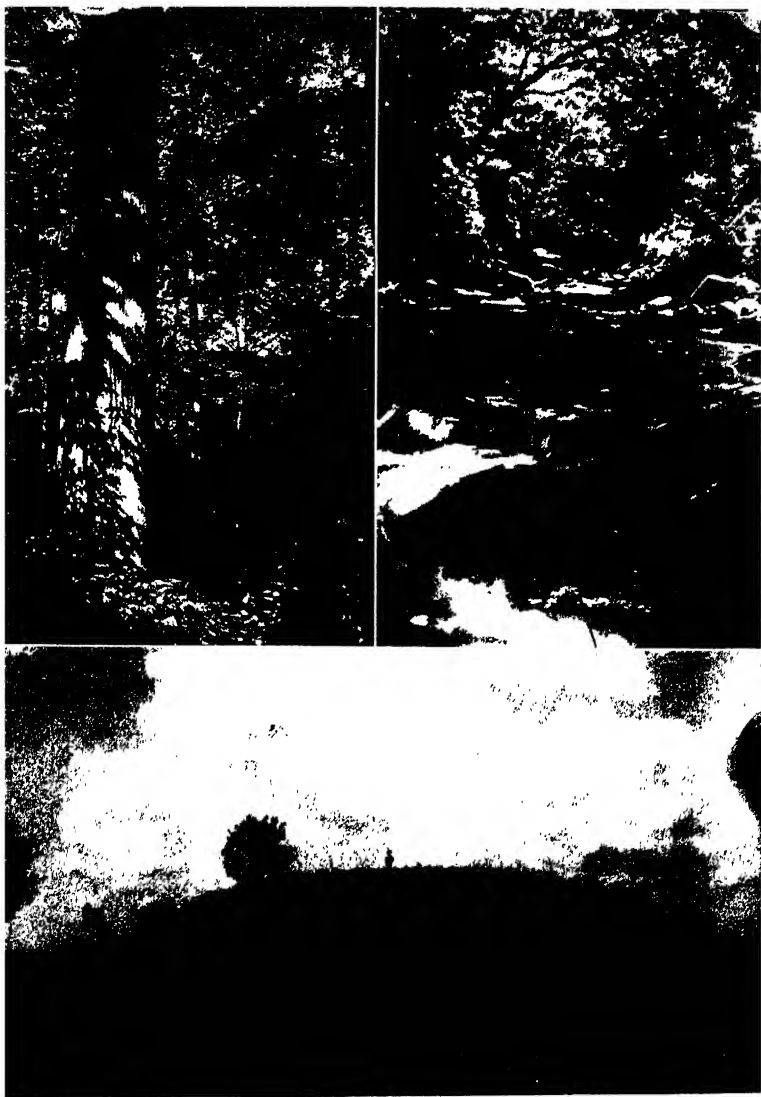
It is agreed among the eastern Cherokee that they owe their existence as a people to Thomas, and they still revere the name of Wil-Usdi as that of a great chief and true friend, although he suffered a physical and mental breakdown following the Civil War that caused the Indian lands which he held in his name to become involved in a lengthy lawsuit. The titles and boundaries were finally adjusted in 1875, but the Cherokee continued in a destitute and neglected state until their old friends, the Quakers, became interested again and established an industrial school on their Reservation in 1882. Ten years later the government took over the management of the schools for the eastern Cherokee, and have continued to supply the funds for

the Reservation's splendid modern system of education.

It was not until 1903 that the title to the Cherokee lands in North Carolina was confirmed. Many of them are living today on land purchased by their ancestors; although all of the land is now held in common by the Indians, with definite acreage assigned on the tenant system by the Tribal Council. This body is composed of two representatives from each of the six townships. They are elected by the Indians themselves, and the principal officers are a chief and an assistant chief.

These Indians are self-supporting and the main industry is farming. The results they get from their small farms and gardens is surprising, as their fine agricultural exhibits at their annual fair show. Many of them add to their income by cutting lumber in the reservation forests under a system of permits. They also make and sell handicrafts. These may be bought in many curio shops in Cherokee, Gatlinburg, and other near-by cities.

For generations the eastern Cherokee, tucked away in their native hills far from the stream of travel, have been timid and retiring, but they are now becoming tourist-conscious, and are trying to play the role that visitors seem to expect—no wild savages with war-whoops and tomahawks rush from the forests, however. But frequently they may be seen dressed up in ancient regalia stalking the roadsides—some with papooses strapped to their backs in approved Indian fashion. Many of them are engaged in the souvenir and curio business, and war paint is one way of attracting trade—advertising ingenuity that they have learned, among other things, from their white brothers, perhaps.



Upper photographs by Carlos Campbell

Above: Stately trees and rushing streams add primitive charm to the Cherokee Indian Reservation in North Carolina. Below: A few mounds in the Cherokee Country remain unexplored.



Photographs: Upper, by Knoxville News Sentinel; Lower, by Carlos C. Campbell

Above: Great grandchildren of Tsali, Cherokee Indian martyr. Below: Looking into the Cherokee Country in North Carolina from Laurel Top on the state divide.

However, it is vastly more interesting to see a thing than to read about it. And life on the Reservation to-day may be observed by the tourists who use the highways through the Indian lands to enter or leave the Great Smoky Mountains National Park—the monument to Tsali will probably be placed on North Carolina Highway No. 107, at the intersection of the Indian Reservation and Park domains, where passers-by can see it and remember Tsali's heroism.

True to Indian tradition, he faced death unflinchingly, although it must have been hard for him to die—just as it is at all times for all men. But his sacrifice secured a home in the mountains they loved for his friends and relatives, and their descendants. It is interesting to know that among the Cherokee on Qualla Reservation, today, are Tsali's own great-grandchildren—the grandchildren of Wasituna, the son who was spared. They are Richard, Lucile, and Irma Washington (Wasituna).

The young people visited Knoxville in the winter of 1936, when the fund for a monument to Tsali was started. Fred R. Stair of Knoxville is chairman of the Tsali Foundation Fund, and states that the monument is to be erected, probably on the highway near the boundary line between Qualla Reservation and the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, as soon as a sufficient sum has been contributed.

When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt visited the peaceful, prosperous Indian settlement on Oconaluftee River, during a trip through the Great Smokies in the spring of 1937, she recalled the story of Tsali which she had read, and expressed the opinion that Tsali's spirit

must be content now that his sacrifice has brought such a measure of security to his people.

TO TSALI

Bold Tsali,
Many moons
Have worn
Their vigils out,
Since you fled
To a secret cave
On high Kuwahi; (Clingmans Dome)
Hiding there despairful,
While the Cherokee were driven
From the lofty Smokies
And Oconaluftee Valley—
The homeland
Of their fathers—
To an unknown West
As exiles.

Brave Tsali,
Did the Nunnehi (Little People)
Of Indian legend,
Search you out
On wild Kuwahi,
In the silent watches
Of the night,
And speak to you
This radiant message—
"The harmonies
Of sacrificial love
Live on and on
In deathless music
Through all eternity,
Unchanged"?

E. B.

CHAPTER XII

High Horizons

PRACTICALLY everyone has his own ideas about the ideal place to spend a vacation.

Naturally opinions vary as much as individuals. Some want to see highlands, some lowlands, some want to go down to the sea or abroad, but many have wanted to see the Great Smokies—more than three million people, in fact, within the last four years. Probably many times that number have wished to visit them, but for various reasons could not, and will take off, expecting happy landings here, “come” this year or the next. To the lovers of unspoiled nature no choice could be happier. To such, these mountains offer the ultimate in enjoyment—a place where knowing world-travelers come back for more.

An enthusiastic tourist from New York said to me one April day while we were both getting a “close-up” of inch-long hoarfrost on the trees in Collins Gap:

“My husband and I have visited many points of scenic interest, including the Alps and the Rockies, but nowhere have we seen anything as continuously attractive as the Smokies. This is our third visit and always they are different. Their charming moods are so many that only by seeing them every day could one get to really know them. The trees give the scenery so

much life; and your lovely blooming shrubs—nothing is more romantic to me than flowers overhead.”

Silverbell, service, and redbud trees were in bloom on the lower slopes at the time.

It is pleasing to find experienced travelers enthusiastic about our mountains. Too often we in Tennessee and North Carolina seem to take them for granted. People who have visited the Swiss Alps, Germany's Hartz Mountains, Scotland's Highlands, and England's Lake Country declare that none of them exceed, or even equal, the Smokies in intimate beauty and alluring charm, combining as they do much of the rugged form and rich coloring of the Rockies with abundant life—the life of countless trees, innumerable wildflowers, rushing streams, furtive wild animals, both rare and common birds, and primitive people.

Although most of them have been mentioned in the different chapters, additional details about some of the unexcelled phenomena in the Smokies may be of interest.

As a superlative asset to the park, the forests, for several reasons, stand first after the mountains themselves. It is estimated that the largest virgin spruce and hardwood forests in the United States are included in the park's 200,000 acres of virgin timber. The spruce is found on the heights in the northeastern part of the park. The mountaineers usually speak of red spruce as “he-balsam.” The Fraser fir, he calls “she-balsam.”

Oak, tulip poplar, beech, birch, buckeye, hemlock, linn, maple, and gum trees predominate on the lower slopes. Among the largest trees are the tulip poplars

and the spruce—poplars nine feet in diameter occur. Because some varieties that are usually classed as shrubs grow to the proportions of trees in the Smokies, due to favorable physical conditions, it is a little difficult to determine the exact number of species. Scientists are agreed upon approximately 146—only 85 are found in all Europe.

Trees create much of the varying charm of the landscape. The frail green leaves of spring, the abundant summer foliage, the blazing leaves of autumn, and the barren branches of winter arrive with a regularity that adds immeasurably to the richness and rhythm of the hills.

Sidney Lanier, a noted tree lover, spent the summer of 1861, in Tennessee, at Montvale Springs in the foothills of the Smokies. The scene of the first part of his novel, *Tiger Lilies*, is laid in the vicinity. In one chapter he says: "Here grow the strong sweet trees, like brawny men with virgins' hearts."

Again he wrote: ". . . arms lifted toward heaven, praying always,—the great uncomplaining trees, whose life is surely the finest of all lives, since it is nothing but a continual growing and being beautiful."

Probably the most unforgettable pageant presented by the trees is in the fall. They flame to the climax of their color festival around the twentieth of October, and sometimes continue at their best through the first week of November.

On the higher slopes the fire cherry sounds the first rich note in the Great Smoky Mountains symphony of color. At lower elevations the scarlet prelude is played by sumac, sourwood, and dogwood; the yellow birches

and poplars then chime in with golden tones. Higher up the buckeye and mountain ash add their scintillating melody of brilliant orange; sweet gum's mottled leaves of red, orange, and purple flash a batik fortissimo. The oaks tardily add their chorus of russet, and every individual tree adds its harmony to the composition, while the revived evergreens sing softly.

In early October all the faintly tinted leaves whisper the dreamy reveries of a nocturne, but the mood changes when the mighty maestro, Frost, lifts his baton. Immediately flagrant scarlets and orange sparkle and scintillate, providing the sensuous beauty of the stringed instruments; deeper purple, yellow, gold, and red tones sound the depths and soar to the heights through every intervening shade of gradation, until they swell and thunder with the rich tonal coloring of the full orchestra.

Certainly, in variety of notes, atmosphere, color, and proportions, the autumn trees present a classical composition, yet in its emotional appeal it has the universally irresistible charm of the simplest mountain ballad, and thousands throng the roads and trails in the Smokies in the fall for the first high-pitched tones.

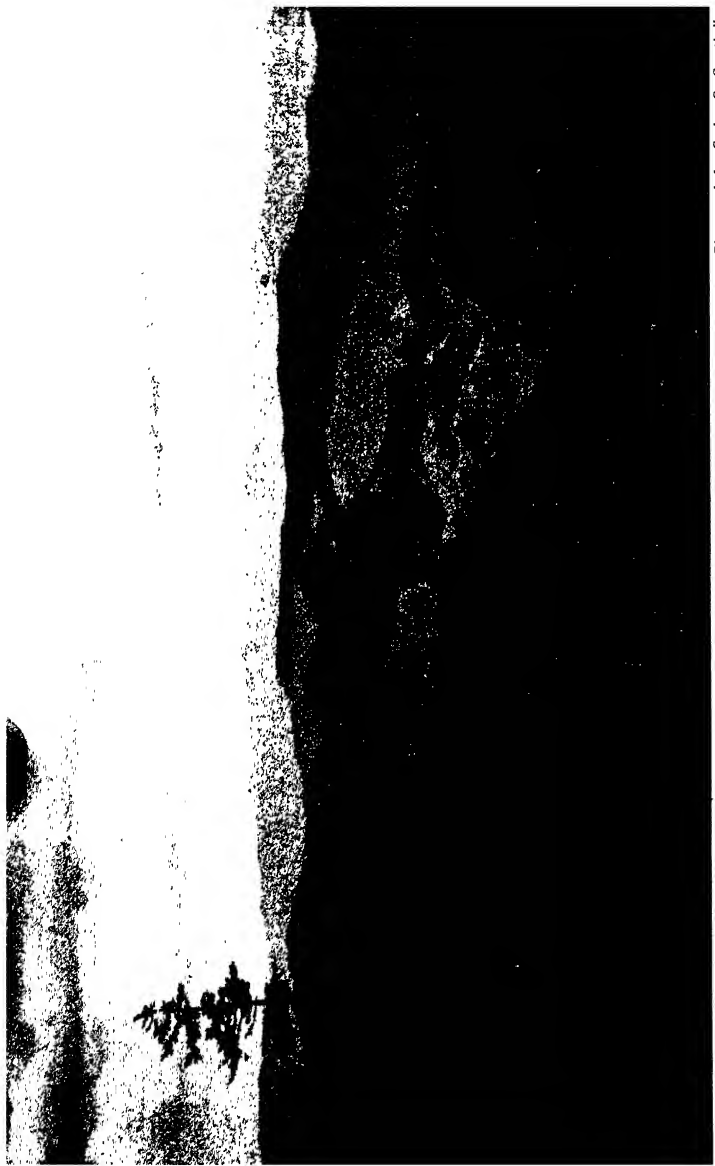
Trees enrich the scenery in every part of the Smokies except on the balds, or mountain top meadows. Here, paradoxically, it is the absence of trees that intrigues the interest.

In the southwestern half of the park most of the high points are treeless, and for that reason are called "balds," although they are not bald, in a true sense, but are covered with thick grass and some shrubs and flowers. No one has yet found a satisfactory reason for



Photographs by Carlos C. Campbell

Upper Left: Virgin spruce forest along the Alum Cave Trail to LeConte. *Upper Right:* Virgin hardwood forest, with a giant tulip (yellow poplar) in the foreground; Porters Flats Trail. *Bottom:* From the vantage point of Heintooega Bald in North Carolina, the Junior Smoky Mountains Hiking Club of Knoxville High School view the high horizons formed by Mount Chapman and Mount Guyot.



Photograph by Carlos C. Campbell

Rugged Deep Creek section in North Carolina as seen from the Skyway.

the absence of trees. These balds are not above the timber line, for there is no timber line in the Smokies, some of the highest peaks having trees to the top.

A number of theories, some scientific and some legendary, have been advanced to answer such questions as:

Did Indians use the balds as refuge camps?

Were they caused by long years of grazing, when Indians occupied the Smokies?

Did these open areas originally result from blow-downs and subsequent fires?

Familiarity with the history of the Cherokee makes me lean toward the belief that they are of Indian origin. For repeatedly we read that the Cherokee were forced to flee to the mountains when their towns were destroyed. Where did they go? However, scientists incline toward blowdowns and subsequent fires as the cause of the balds.

The encroachment of trees on such areas is to be studied over a period of years, by park naturalists, looking toward the solution of the enigma. The grassy balds of the southwestern peaks should not be confused with the heath balds already mentioned as occurring, particularly, northeast of Newfound Gap in the region of the state line between Mount Kephart and Laurel Top.

The inability of scientists to solve the mystery of the mountain top meadows has added interest to the traditions concerning them. One Cherokee legend says that the balds were cleared after a great monster with spreading wings and sharp claws had hidden among the trees on the mountain tops, before suddenly sweeping

down upon the Cherokee and destroying their villages.

Could the Indians have been speaking fancifully of the monster we call war?

Regardless of their origin the balds are interesting places to go. Ice-cold springs flow on some of them. They are famous for their azaleas and wild lilies. Four species of azaleas are found in the Smokies, but Gregory Bald is especially famed for its gorgeous masses of flame azaleas, the blossoms varying in color from bright red to brilliant orange—sometimes on the same plant.

Many of the high balds are bordered by dwarf beech, birch, oak, and other trees that show the results of their exposure to wind and severe weather. Gnarled and grotesque, they stand like gnomes guarding places of enchantment. In their primitive isolation the grassy balds are different from any place in the park. They afford the utmost in solitude, the silence being interrupted only by the gobble of a wild turkey, the drumming of a ruffed grouse, and the eerie sound of wind in tall grass.

High and bare of trees, they afford wonderful panoramic views of the Smokies and surrounding ranges. Every tourist should make at least one trip to the unexplained balds. From the parkway at Clingmans Dome, Andrews Bald (5,850 feet), the highest bald in the Smokies, is easily accessible over a two-mile improved trail. Luscious huckleberries, blackberries, and gooseberries are found along the route in late summer—the season is from two to four weeks later here than in the valleys. Only one grassy bald in the park can be reached by motor—lovely Heintooga Bald in North Carolina, a spur of the Balsam Mountains.

Wayah Bald, also in North Carolina, located outside, but near, the park, in the Nantahala Mountains, a connecting link between the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge, can now be reached over an all-season forest-service road from U. S. Highway No. 64. The rustic tower which has been erected here affords marvelous views of the Great Smokies, with both Kephart and LeConte visible, as are also the Balsams, Toxaway, and a great number of other peaks and ranges.

To reach Heintooga Bald, take a fire-service road that leaves U. S. Highway No. 19 near Waynesville, North Carolina. This road, however, can be used only during the non-fire season. But when the Park-to-Park Highway connects the Shenandoah National Park with that of the Great Smokies, a new all-season road will lead from it to Heintooga. Already so many hikers visit this grandstand peak that it is called the "LeConte" of the North Carolina side of the park.

A little more than half of the 456 miles of the just-mentioned Park-to-Park, or Blue Ridge Skyline, drive will be through the picturesque, high-lying mountains of North Carolina, with their innumerable points of interest. One of the first, beginning at the eastern entrance into North Carolina from Virginia, is Blowing Rock. The new scenic highway touches the edge of the pretty town of beautiful summer homes and resort hotels. In the old days this lovely spot was reached over a turnpike on which fast relay, horse-drawn vehicles brought vacationists from the East to the North Carolina Mountains. One feature of spectacular scenery is a vast overhanging boulder where light objects thrown over it are promptly returned by a phe-

nominal upward draft of air—the “blowing rock.”

A few of the best side trips in that section include Grandfather and Grandmother Mountains, Brown Mountain, Linville Falls, Little Switzerland, and Roan Mountain. Brown Mountain near the resort town of Linville has attracted scientific as well as scenic interest because of its, as yet, unexplained lights, which move about at night like ghosts carrying lanterns. Grandfather and Roan Mountains are the two towering heights which Guyot called “the two great pillars of the North Gate to the high mountain region of North Carolina.” Both command wide views, but the panorama from the Roan is said to extend over seven states.

From this section of the mountains the tourist can continue his journey to the Great Smoky Mountains over the Park-to-Park Highway, or through picturesque upper East Tennessee, which has many scenic and historical places of interest. If he continues over the scenic highway through North Carolina, Mount Mitchell, highest peak above sea level in the East, will be the next feature of outstanding importance.

When the Park-to-Park road makes intersection with U. S. 70 many tourists will want to take it to Asheville, principal town in Western North Carolina. It shares honors with Bryson City and Waynesville, North Carolina, as the eastern gateway to the Great Smokies. Asheville rests in the midst of an amphitheater of wonderful mountains lying in blue waves against the horizon, the famed “Land of the Sky,” with scenic spots too numerous to mention radiating from it. When the Park-to-Park Highway is completed, the

tourist can follow it to the Smokies, or leave Asheville over U. S. No. 19 on his way to the Smokies. The new route tops Balsam Gap, highest railway center east of the Rockies, and continues through Soco Gap to the Great Smokies—the climax of the park-to-park trip.

Of the Smokies I have told many, but by no means all, of their interesting features. All of the unusual facts and stories of this mountain frontier would fill many hundreds of pages in a book of huge proportions. It has been said that the artist who would paint the Smokies should work from a full palette, if he would portray even a little of their rich color and varied aspects. Adequate word pictures are still more difficult to create, since the subjects attempted are more numerous and the details consequently less vivid. As for the magic colors of these mountains, who could hope to catch their chameleonic hues with a word-camera?

The truth is, everyone must see the Great Smokies for himself. Brush or pen cannot make tangible the intangible charm and the brooding mystery growing out of the blue haze that envelops the peaks. Even more impossible to capture is the immensity, unity, and rhythm of the whole vast pattern of bold mountain ranges that run together at greater or lesser angles, stimulating in the beholder a feeling of awe and appreciation of the divine power that created them.

Ruskin said: "Mountains are the beginning and end of scenery." But mountains, like individuals, have faces which everyone interprets differently. And two people look at the same scene, but do not both see the same things, and each reacts differently. Even so, can

anyone lift up his eyes to the enormous expanse of successive ridges and superlative peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains and adjacent ranges, enfolded in mists of translucent gray, purple, and blue, and rising to the very brink of heaven, without feeling new assurance, new hope, new faith, new serenity sweep into his soul from high horizons where wonderful concrete examples of cosmic power and infinite beauty unite to bespeak the nearness of God and the beneficence of His universe?

